THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE LOST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the stars in the quiet skies are bright,
And the winds are murmuring low,
Lost voices seem to haunt the night,
And vanished forms my heart delight,
That were buried long ago.

They come to me in my lonely room,
When my heart with its grief seems breaking,
I know that they sleep in the quiet tomb,
I know that the violets over them bloom,—
But they pierce the darkness and banish the gloom,
And calm my heart's wild aching.

In the tones of old my name they speak,
And they soothe from my brow the pain;
I gaze in their eyes, so holy and meek,
I feel their soft kisses on lip and cheek—
Then the dream is fled, and all vainly I seek
To summon it back again.

EVELYN H.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Doris was very silent during the evening; she curled herself up in a corner of the sofa, seemingly absorbed in a reverie that was not altogether unpleasing, if one might judge from the half smile that now and then stole over her face.

"Of what are you thinking, Doris?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I am copying Joyce, and making up a little story of my own," returned she. "You can't think how very interesting it is. And I'm a great deal farther advanced than Joyce, for I know the end of it, and I've fixed upon the title. Odin's birds have been with me for the last half hour—one upon each shoulder."

Aunt Lotty looked up.

"Birds, my dear; I do not understand."

"Only Odin's birds, Aunt Lotty, they're invisible. You know how people say to children, 'a little bird has been telling me so and so.'"

"And very wrong indeed it is of people," responded Aunt Lotty. "If there's one thing more than another that I object to, it is people telling children anything that is not true—children get to know it fast enough."

"But I think," said Joyce, "that children understand it as a sort of poetic license, and when they comprehend that it is not literally true they appreciate its figurativeness. Perhaps," she continued, turning to Mr. Chester, "the nursery saying is a corruption of Hugo and Munin, and so we have the old North superstition lingering among us without our being aware of it. It is curious to think how tradition and legendary lore keep an unconscious hold upon us, and how we are, as it were, but polished chips from the rough, unhewn blocks of granite of the grand old times."

"Very theoretic," answered Mr. Chester, "and somewhat vague."

"Oh, Joyce always gets a little vague when she soars into the sublime," said Doris. "Who else would have thought of connecting Hugo with the modern birds of nursery celebrity? Really, Joyce, there is something quite poetic about it."

"Ah!" said Aunt Lotty, "I used to like poetry when I was young, but I don't care much about it now; I think, with the exception of Lucy —"

Here Mr. Carmichael suddenly roused himself to observe that he objected to Lucy Gray, and was tired of hearing of her. Which was doubtless the case, as he was in the habit of hearing her referred to so constantly; and Mr. Carmichael's illness having made him irritable, he enunciated the sentiment less courteously than he might otherwise have done.

Aunt Lotty was rebuked, and took to her knitting with great diligence. Joyce felt half inclined to laugh; whilst Doris went round to Aunt Lotty's side, and kissing her gently, so that Mr. Carmichael, who had relapsed into his doze, might not hear, whispered:

"I like 'Lucy Gray,' Aunt Lotty; Mrs. Howell used to repeat it to me when I was a little child."

Aunt Lotty felt uncomfortable under the consolation administered, for was it not, to a certain extent, a covert act of rebellion against Mr. Carmichael? Therefore she patted Doris's head, and bade her go and sit down again. So Doris returned to her sofa corner, and again fell into a reverie.

Mr. Chester did not seem inclined to talk; perhaps he had taken his cue from Doris. At least so Joyce thought, and she determined not to interfere with it; she therefore pretended to be deeply absorbed in the mysteries of the embroidery frame, though she could not have told whether the thread in her needle were blue or scarlet. They were a silent party, and the longer the silence continued, the more difficult it seemed to break it.

Joyce, despite her determination, felt that it was becoming painful, and would have given anything to be able to frame one simple unconstrained remark; but it was hopeless, her lips were sealed. Nevertheless, she set torturing her brain for some topic that might be acceptable to all, and, as is generally the case, the more she sought, the more unavailing was the search, and the more inappropriate the subjects that did present themselves.

Was Mr. Chester similiarly occupied? She could not tell; but she glanced at him from time to time as he continued to gaze steadily into the fire. Once he looked up as she looked towards him, and their eyes met. And somehow a strange feeling stole over her, as if she were guilty of a species of treachery to Doris. She could not analyze it, but it rendered her more hopelessly incapable of making a speech than ever. She cast a furtive glance at Doris, but Doris was leaning back amongst the cushions with half-shut eyes, and a quiet smile upon her lips. Yes, she was perfectly happy!

Mr. Carmichael opened his eyes.

"Why does no one talk?" he asked; "I am well enough now, it does not disturb me."

He spoke in a half-querulous, half-angry tone. He did not like being looked upon as an invalid. His illness was not an agreeable idea to him, he wished to get rid of it, to shake it off.

"I think," answered Joyce, finding her voice with a great effort, "that no one has anything to say."

"That is just what I have been thinking for some time," said Aunt Lotty, meekly, "and it's very surprising, for one ought to have a great many questions to ask. I'm sure enough has happened during the last few weeks. I wonder it did not strike me to ask Doris about the person she stayed with at Linton."

Mr. Carmichael took no notice of his wife's speech, but turned to Mr. Chester.

"When do you start for the continent?"

"Very shortly; I am going into Devonshire first with Mr. Lynn. He is anxious to visit the place where——" Mr. Chester hesitated and looked at Doris, but Doris finished the sentence for him.

"Where my mother lived for so many years, and," she added, in a lower tone, "where she died. He wishes to be alone there for a time. Is not that it, Gabriel?"

"Yes; I shall leave him there, and get off to Rome again as soon as possible."

"And when do you return?"

"I cannot tell. I am painting a picture that I wish to finish on the spot, if possible."

"Oh," said Mr. Carmichael moved restlessly, and then rising from his chair he went towards the fireplace; he took the poker and tried to stir the fire, but his hand trembled a good deal.

"Allow me," said Mr. Chester, and Mr. Carmichael, exhausted, resigned himself.

"I'm weaker than I thought for," he muttered.

Aunty Lotty looked at him anxiously.

"You don't feel worse to-night?" she said. Joyce also looking at him was startled to perceive the change that had taken place during the last few days. She had been so much absorbed in other matters that after the first alarm of Mr. Carmichael's illness she had not watched him very observantly, but now as her eyes followed Aunt Lotty's anxious gaze she noticed how much older-looking he had become, and that the lips, usually so firmly compressed, had a nervous unrest about them, and his eyes were heavy and wandering.

"I am no worse," said Mr. Carmichael, steadying his voice; "I'm better—a great deal better. I don't know what what you are thinking of! Is it the way to make a man better to depress his spirits by telling him he's worse? Mr. Chester," said he, turning from Aunt Lotty, "I was going to ask, Is there—have you—have you any hope of finding the letter that you lost?"

Mr. Carmichael grasped the arm of his chair, and spoke with some effort.

"Not much, I fear."

"Still there is a chance?"

"A very slight one. I think it must have been lost on my journey."

Mr. Carmichael sighed.

"You will, of course, send it at once if it should turn up?" said he.

"Yes."

Mr. Carmichael made another great effort to speak very steadily and calmly.

"I shall be glad to see the contents of that packet, they may be valuable; though, of course, in the record left by my sister all necessary information is contained. Therefore, in one point of view, we do not suffer much from its loss."

"Certainly not; I see no need of any further evidence. The letter would of course be valuable to Doris as a remembrancer of her mother, an valuable only to her."

"Yes," said Mr. Carmichael, musingly; "yes, Doris would like to have the letter, but it is doubtless lost; we must think no more about it."

And he fervently hoped and trusted that it had found its way to that mighty receptacle from whence lost articles never return.

Joyce was watching Mr. Chester attentively during the conversation, and she saw that he, too, was struck with Mr. Carmichael's eagerness about the lost packet. Once their eyes met, and she knew that he fully shared in her suspicious feelings.

Doris, too, had paused in her reverie, and was narrowly observing Mr. Carmichael. And even guileless Aunt Lotty said in an aside to Joyce—

"I wish, dear, that that letter was either quite lost or found. Mr. Carmichael will never be himself again until it's settled. Though why he should be so anxious I can't imagine; he's done everything he could, and has had a great deal of trouble, poor man."

And Aunt Lotty looked at her husband, and Joyce could see a little frightened look come into her face, for Aunt Lotty felt a presentiment of evil—a presentiment that she could not have defined, and that pointed to nothing definite, but which caused the frightened look to come into her face, and a shiver to run through her heart, when she looked at Mr. Carmichael.

But the Dormers were not a superstitious family; they were far too matter-of-fact to believe in supernatural warnings: so Aunt Lotty attributed the shiver to a draught from the door, and drawing her shawl closer round her, believed that a sharp frost was setting in.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

I was going across the hall into the little morning room, thinking I would leave the drawing-room for Doris and Mr. Chester, as they would have so much to talk about and to arrange before he went away.

"Doris is going to marry Mr. Chester," said I to myself, as my hand was on the handle of the door.

I had said it over and over many times during the last few days, as if I wished to familiarize myself with the fact, though of course I had known all along how it would be, and had always looked forward to it as the ending of my story.

Yet now that it had come to pass it somehow seemed stranger to me than I had anticipated, and it did not work quite so smoothly as I expected. Something jarred, though I could not tell what it was.

It appeared to me that Doris was very unconcerned, and Mr. Chester also; they might have been engaged for years. Yet this was perhaps natural, since they must have had it in constant anticipation. And still repeating the words, I opened the door of the morning-room. There was no one there, for Aunt Lotty was sitting upstairs with Mr. Carmichael, who was not quite so well to-day.

I was glad to be alone—I could do a little quiet reading; and I took up a book and drew a chair close to the fire. I turned over the pages, but found that I could not fix my attention; my thoughts strayed far enough away, and my eyes wandered to the bright fire that was leaping and flashing in the grate, and I began to trace pictures in the embers, and the flames sparkled up and flickered and nodded at me, until it seemed as though I were holding a conversation with them.

What a companion a fire is! A living, moving, restless element. If I had been a heathen, I think I should have been a fire worshipper. Yes, what a companion, as it burns so cheerily in the long winter evenings, when one closes the shutters and draws the curtains and shuts out the cold dark night and the howling tempest; while the wind goes whistling round the house, and the storm-blast answers it, and a chorus of wild spirit-voices shriek to one another, and one listens and listens to the weird-like strife. Often and often have I half fancied that they were lost spirits wailing frantically in their mad despair, lost! lost! lost! The deep hoarse groan answering the shrill piercing cry or the plaintive, moaning sobs, whilst now and then is heard a shriek like to a burst of unearthly mocking laughter, as if the arch-fiend were triumphing amidst his fallen angels. Many and many a night have I listened, until I believed that I heard the voices speaking to one another, only my earthly ears were not sensitive enough to catch their words.

Thus I went on dreaming as I looked into the fire, and then leaning back I drove these thoughts away, and other thoughts came in their place, and prompted me to take inquisitorial proceedings with myself, and to examine into my inmost heart. And the first question I asked was this:

"Self, art thou glad or sorry that this engagement has come to pass?" And I was going to answer "Glad," but that just then conscience gave so sharp a prick that it startled me, and for a moment I could not speak, and whilst I was thus waiting, conscience followed up its advantage and whispered: "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" And I could make no reply, for, in spite of my brave assertions, I still felt the dull gnawing pain, and I knew I could not be quite glad, however much I might wish to be so, until that was gone. So I fenced the question: "I do not envy Doris's happiness; I am glad that she is happy."

"But how about thyself? Is there no wish in thine heart that it might have been otherwise?"

"None. Oh, what am I saying! Let me at least be truthful to myself. The world cannot hear—what matters it. Ah! well, I will confess myself no longer."

And then I thought of good George Herbert's advice, and what a pity men did not follow it. Truly, if we made a daily examination of our hearts, and kept better accounts with ourselves, there would not be so heavy a balance against us when we come to add up the final sum.

Therefore I went to work honestly once more, and confessed to myself that I could not quite get rid of the pain, but that still I was glad that Doris and Mr. Chester were happy, and that whatever might be the opportunity, nothing would induce me to lift a finger to mar their happiness. But I was not quite happy myself. This was mortifying, for in my story I had been indulging in an imaginative picture of the transcendental frame of mind in which I should find myself when the consummation was achieved, and my hero and heroine were happily united.

But I fell short of this beautiful transcendentalism when I came face to face with the reality, and I discovered that I, Joyce Dormer, was but a poor earth-worm after all, that writhed and twisted like other earth-worms when trodden upon.

Then I consoled myself. So it is with all. However mighty are our aspirations—however exalted our frame in occasional rapt moments—there is a stern reality in life and its belongings that crushes down this loftiness of spirit, and in humility alone are we permitted to rise. As I reached this point, the door opened, and Mr. Chester and Doris appeared.

"I have been wondering where you were hiding," said Doris, as I bent over the book. She placed her hand upon it to take it away, and as she did so she laughed.

"All a pretence, Joyce, this being so studiously inclined; for see, the book is upside down!"

And so it was, and I had never known it; and I felt the blood rushing into my face, and I could not look up at first, and when I did I met Mr. Chester's eyes fixed upon me; and again the odd uncomfortable feeling of treachery to Doris came over me.

"Gabriel is going away this afternoon," said she.

"So soon?" I answered in surprise, for I thought he would have stayed at Craythorpe for a few days longer. I did not think that the "very soon" would be accomplished so literally.

"The sooner I depart, the sooner I can return," said Mr. Chester.

"And you will be anxious to do so now on Doris's account."

And Doris having vanished, I decided that this was a good time for offering the congratulations to Mr. Chester, which hitherto I had had no opportunity of doing; so I continued,—

"I am glad to be able to offer my best wishes for your happiness, Mr. Chester."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Chester, shortly.

"Doris is very amiable," said I, "every one must love her. I will take good care of her whilst you are away; though that is scarcely needful now that her father is restored to her."

"I don't know, Miss Dormer; she seems to cling more to you than to any one."

"That is strange!" said I.

"No, it is not," he answered somewhat abruptly.

I was a little surprised, and perhaps I showed it, for Mr. Chester said more gently,—

"You forget your resemblance to her mother. Mr. Lynn also was struck with it."

"Yes, I had forgotten that."

"Miss Dormer," said Mr. Chester, hesitatingly, "I should like to feel before I go away that there is no unfriendliness between us."

"There is none," I answered warmly; "I shall ever look upon you and Doris as my nearest and best-cared for friends. If there had been any doubt, it would have been on my side; I must have seemed so strange, so unreasonable sometimes."

"No you did not," he replied; "I was to blame for any annoyance you may have shown or expressed, and I regret it. Will you forget it, and remember me in a friendly spirit when I am gone?"

"Of course I will," I answered eagerly; "doubly so now on Doris's account."

"Then it is only to Doris that I am to owe your friendship?"

"No, Mr. Chester," I said, "not *only* to Doris;" and I looked steadily at him. What he was going to say I never heard, for Doris's return prevented it, but he gave one of his pleasant smiles and held out his hand.

"That is right," said Doris; "I hope you have come to an amicable arrangement at last. Really, Gabriel, if you were to continue on quarrelling terms with Joyce, I think I should have to give up our engagement. Would it break your heart if I did?" she added, laying her hand on his arm, and gazing up laughingly into his face.

"What nonsense you talk, Doris," he answered; "is not a broken heart a delusion—an impossibility—a mere figurative expression?"

"Not altogether," said I, in a low tone, for I was thinking of Doris's mother.

But it did not strike Doris, she was not seriously inclined to-day, and took Mr. Chester's words in a jesting light.

"Don't be afraid, I shall never break your heart, Gabriel," and she laughed; whilst I wondered how she could be so light-hearted on the eve of Mr. Chester's departure. Certainly he would return; and days and weeks, nay, even months and years fly quickly enough away.

"You look a great deal more solemn than I do, Joyce," said Doris; "but Gabriel and I are used to partings: it's like old times to say 'good-bye' to one another; is it not?" and then I gave my hand to Mr. Chester, and wished him a pleasant journey and a speedy return.

"And don't lose the talisman," said Doris; "for though it has worked slowly it has worked well, and there is no telling what wonders it may yet perform."

I started, and Mr. Chester glanced curiously at me, but he betrayed no embarrassment. However, fearing any further remarks that might lead to a disclosure of what had happened to the talisman, I made my escape and waited in the porch-room until Mr. Chester should go away. Soon I heard the front door close and Doris's footstep on the stairs.

"He has gone," she said, unconcernedly, as she entered the room.

"And are you not sorry?" I asked, somewhat surprised at her manner.

"Well, of course I am not glad," she replied, sitting down beside me; "but he will be here again so soon."

"But if anything should happen to him?"

"No fear of that; Gabriel is able to take care of himself. Joyce," she continued, fixing her large dark eyes full upon me, "you will be my bridesmaid. Is that your story?"

"Yes. Aunt Lotty suggested it, so I wrote it down."

"Aunt Lotty!" echoed Doris.

"Yes, Aunt Lotty."

"Oh," rejoined Doris, dryly. "And what did Uncle Carmichael say to the arrangement?"

"He said nothing, as the subject was not mentioned before him. But he thought that Mr. Chester was not good enough for you."

"You know better than that, Joyce, with all your want of appreciation of him," said she, springing up; "Gabriel is a great deal too good for me. No one can tell how good Gabriel is who does not know him as I have done."

I was glad to see that she was not quite so indifferent as I was beginning to think her.

"Uncle Carmichael, indeed!" she exclaimed, "as if he were capable of understanding Gabriel. Night and day, darkness and light, fire and water, are not more unlike in their natures; I do not expect *him* to appreciate Gabriel, he is not noble enough to do so. Now dear, simple Aunt Lotty understands him by instinct. He is to her a hero, and she worships him accordingly."

The idea of Aunt Lotty in connection with hero-worship had in it something so incongruous that I could not help smiling, neither could Doris avoid smiling in return, though she said, "Nevertheless, Joyce, I wish that you had a little more of Aunt Lotty's spirit."

It seems a hard proposition to set forth, but it appears to me that every one is more or less a hypocrite. So, at least, I felt, when by silence I in a manner assented to Doris's remark. But there are some thoughts in every heart so carefully guarded that one feels a secret satisfaction when people receive a wrong impression. And so it was with me; and I close my diary to-night wondering whether the believers in the possibility of human perfection have ever sat down quietly and made a candid examination of their own hearts, as I have done.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

As he sat in the solitude of his chamber, Mr. Carmichael's thoughts reverted to the past. Solitude it was, though Aunt Lotty sat there with her endless knitting, for Aunt Lotty never spoke unless spoken to, so that her presence was no hindrance to the flow of his thoughts. Indeed, her steadily moving pins were rather suggestive of a progressive train of ideas. And Mr. Carmichael, propped up with cushions, pondered over the story of years long past. Strange that those days should come before him now, when his mind was oppressed with other matters; but so it was, those early days rose up before him as it were involuntarily; indeed, so subtily did they insinuate themselves that he scarcely seemed to himself to be thinking of them, but as if some voice whispered to him a tale that he had read in a half-forgotten book ages ago. And thus it began:—

"Far away, quite in the north of England—" Yes, he remembered the place well, a lonesome farmhouse, with a straggling coppice on one side and a badly pruned orchard running to waste on the other. There were several fine pear trees whose fruit grew smaller and smaller every year, and damson trees that every year yielded shorter crops, and apple trees that were capricious in their bearing, sometimes surprising the owner with an unlooked-for supply of ruddy treasure and sometimes disappointing him with a meagre crop of very inferior fruit. Though disappointing is hardly the correct word to use in reference to the matter, since the owner was so utterly broken down and used to disappointment that the meagre supply appeared to him right and in the ordinary course of events, whilst the bounteous crop seemed a blessing so unlooked-for as well nigh to border upon a miracle. The farm buildings were out of repair and patched up with any old materials that came to hand. The fences were broken, and there were no proper fastenings to the gates. The duck-pond was covered with weeds; the ducks themselves were not so noisy as ducks and geese generally are; and the cock strutting about the yard had a somewhat crest-fallen air, as if he

and his family were not cared for so well as they might have been.

The house itself partook of the general look of dilapidation: the shutters hung loosely on their hinges, the windows were patched in many places with brown paper, and the large low rooms were very scantily furnished. There was in the farm kitchen a strong-armed, rosy-cheeked country girl, who was the only house servant. A frail, delicate woman occasionally helped her, and employed the rest of her time in sewing, and in taking care of two boys who played about, heedless of poverty and sorrow, though poverty and sorrow were around them.

This frail, delicate woman was the mistress. An old man lived in one of the out-houses, and did the whole of what farm-work there was to do. He was assisted in his labors by a tall, bent man, who rose early in the mornings, and worked through the day as well as his waning strength and worn-out spirit would allow him.

This was the master, Thomas Carmichael—Hugh Carmichael's father. He had been getting poorer and poorer for many years. At first he had lived somewhat extravagantly, and had been too speculative and experimental, and now people said he understood nothing of farming, and would never make it pay, and that he had better give up the farm and take to something else; but Thomas Carmichael had not energy enough for this, besides his heart clave to the old homestead, and he could not bear to leave it.

So he struggled on; and, as time flew by on rapid wing, the pale, delicate woman grew thinner and paler, and the tall man stooped more than ever. The old serving-man died, and his place was not supplied. Mr. Carmichael could not afford to pay for labor, and now that the lads were growing up they must do the work. So the lads worked and idled about the farm, which prospered neither better nor worse than it had done in former days.

There was an addition to the family within the last four or five years, a little blue-eyed girl, who was playing on the hearth-rug in front of the kitchen fire, for the kitchen was now the keeping-room, since the furniture in the sitting-rooms had disappeared, and there was no rosy servant-girl to feel that her dominions were invaded by the presence of the family.

One winter night the family had drawn close round the fire; the cold was intense, and the wind whistled round the house and shrieked so piteously in the wide chimney that one scarce liked to think of a human being wandering abroad on such a night.

And yet how many homeless wretches are abroad on nights like this, and how seldom do those whose heads are pillowed on downy couches give one thought to them as they lie listening to the storm! How few thank heaven for the shelter they enjoy, whilst others shiver beneath the open sky, or lie down to die worn out with misery and wretchedness!

The Carmichaels huddled closer round the fire; their garments were somewhat threadbare, and not altogether suitable for such weather. Still there were others worse off than themselves, though it is doubtful whether they thought of this, or whether, if they had done so, it would have added to their warmth and comfort.

There came a feeble tap at the door, and one of the youths rose up to open it. A little boy was there, not more than eight years old. The mistress was surprised; she put down her sewing, and drew the shivering child towards the fire.

"What do you want, Johnny?" said she; "it's late for you to be out on such a night as this. Did your mother send you?"

The child thus appealed to began to cry, very quietly at first, as children do, when they are frightened, but at length his sobs became uncontrollable, and he could do nothing but hide his face on the mistress's shoulder. She quietly let him weep out his fright and sorrow, and then she asked him again, "What is the matter, Johnny?"

And Johnny, half-inclined to burst out afresh, restrained himself. "Mother cannot speak; she is quite cold, and she does not move, and I was frightened; so I came to fetch you."

The mistress looked at her husband. "Will you go, and I'll keep Johnny here."

And Thomas Carmichael and his elder son went to the widow's cottage, and found, as they expected, that Johnny's mother was dead.

"We can't turn the child adrift," said the mistress, "he's no friends, that I ever heard of."

And so John Gresford stayed at the farm-house. The younger lad, Charles, was kind enough to him, but Hugh, the elder, disliked him from the first, and taking advantage of the boy's dependent position, tyrannized over him.

Here Mr. Carmichael moved restlessly amidst his cushions, and Aunt Lotty approached to see if he wanted anything.

"No."

So Aunt Lotty went on with her knitting, and Mr. Carmichael listened again to the voice that still went on speaking.

It is not pleasant to remember quarrels and difficulties in which one has always been on the wrong side. Mr. Carmichael felt this, but he did not feel willing to acknowledge it. He tried to wrap his robe of self-exoneration tightly round him, but somehow it was too scanty, and, try as he would, he could not get it to meet.

"The lad was always in my way," he muttered to himself; "always has been—is now." And Mr. Carmichael groaned.

"Oh, dear!" said Aunt Lotty, "I do wish you would not worry yourself over that matter. No one cares about it; you've done all that mortal man could do to get Doris her rights, and you're not to blame if it's lost."

Mr. Carmichael clutched the counterpane, a spasm passed over his face, he spoke thickly and hurriedly.

"I wish you would mind your own affairs: who thinks I care about the letter, I should like to know? What does it matter to me? What makes you talk about it?"

Aunt Lotty was frightened by his manner.

"Does any one say I care about it?" he demanded.

"No, not any one," replied Aunt Lotty.

"Of course not, why should they?" asked Mr. Carmichael.

"I don't know; but no one does. No one ever said anything to me about it."

"Then never mention it to me again."

And Aunt Lotty relapsed into silence.

Mr. Carmichael passed over many years in his meditations, and paused at the last episode in his North of England reminiscences. The tall bent man was in his grave. John Gresford and Charles Carmichael had been in Australia for nearly two years, and Hugh and his mother and Nelly were at the farm.

"It's of no use," said he, "there's not capital enough to keep it on; the farm must be sold, and I'll go and join Charley."

"Sell the old place, Hugh?" answered his mother; "it's been a very long time in the family."

"And much good it has done them of late years. We managed to starve upon it during my father's lifetime, but now I'll have done with it; I want to live. You and Nelly may stay if you like, but I've made up my mind to go, James Withers has written and offered me a place there."

"John Gresford's uncle might help you," said Mrs. Carmichael, musingly.

"He's not helped John much, for he's roughing it pretty well out there. Neither he nor Charley has had much luck at present. Besides I don't want to be patronized by a Gresford," he added somewhat sulkily.

"But it would be no patronage, only paying back what we've done for the lad."

"Yes, they let him lie on our hands long enough," he muttered.

"And what harm did it do us, Hugh?" broke in Nelly, a tall fair-haired girl of eighteen; "he earned every bit of bread he ever ate upon the farm, and you didn't sweeten it to him. Why you hated him so I never could tell."

"That's neither here nor there," retorted her brother, "because your eyes were blinded mine were not. If it's true that some of his people are as well off as it is said, they might have found him out, and have taken to him long ago, that's all I say. I know nothing of them, and don't care for them; and as to being indebted to any one of the name of Gresford, I never will be. You and Nelly can stay on the farm, mother, till I am settled, and then I'll send for you."

Nelly tossed her head.

"I know what you mean," said he; "but if you ever marry John Gresford, I shall look upon you as no sister of mine."

"I *shall* marry John Gresford," returned the girl, quietly; "it's a promise, and nothing on earth will induce me to break it."

"And when is the marriage to take place?" asked Hugh Carmichael, sneeringly.

"As soon as he has made money enough to marry upon," she returned steadily.

"Be it so," replied her brother, "the choice lies between your brother and your lover. You must give up one or the other. I hate him! he's a mean-spirited—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Nelly, springing up and placing her hand on his mouth; "you shan't speak ill of him; it's enough that you've hated him, and ill-treated him whilst he was here, for no earthly reason except that he was better than you are. But you shan't speak against him now that he's far away; and for aught we know," she continued sadly, "for aught we know, may be lying dead at the present moment!"

"A good thing if he were," said Hugh Carmichael, bitterly; "and as many an idle word comes true, and it may be as you say, I'll not speak evil of the dead; but you shall choose to-day between him and me which you will give up."

"Hugh, you are so unreasonable—so hard," pleaded the girl, her sudden passion leaving her; "why need I give up either? Why cannot you forget bygones, and let us live peaceably one with another?"

But Hugh Carmichael was implacable.

"No!" said he; "you must choose between us."

"I cannot give up John," said Ellen Carmichael.

And there it ended; and Hugh Carmichael went abroad, and never saw his sister again until she lay upon her death-bed.

Mrs. Carmichael did not live long after her son's departure, and after her death the farm was sold, and Nelly went to live with some friends of her father's.

Hugh Carmichael and John Gresford met in Australia. And the incident recalled by James Withers rose vividly to Mr. Carmichael's memory, together with many other incidents that he would have preferred to forget; incidents that had not softened the enmity that was in his heart, but rather tended to increase it, and the help that he was more than once necessitated to receive, and which the younger man, for Ellen's sake and out of gratitude to the family, was thankful to accord, was ungenerously accepted, and at length the coldness that had always subsisted between them grew into open enmity, and John Gresford and Hugh Carmichael became as strangers to one another.

But Mr. Carmichael was growing weary, very weary. He would not trouble himself with the past any longer. Indeed, the past died away as though a hand had drawn a heavy curtain before it that he was took weak to undraw. Yet, for a moment, feeble and weary as he was, his thoughts dwelt upon the present. Poverty and struggling were so far away that he could not realize them now. The two adventurers, or, rather, workers after fortune, were rich men; the world had prospered with them and brought them in these later days together, and an olive branch was waving over them. They were at peace. The breach was made up at length; trespasses were forgiven and also forgotten. Peace, peace.

"Is it peace?" asked the Voice of Mr. Carmichael.

"Not peace, but revenge."

"Revenge!"

The Voice dwelt lingeringly upon the word, and rang the changes upon it in tones that sounded now sweet, now bitter, triumphant, mocking, palliating, as though Mr. Carmichael should taste of it in all its phases, and having tasted, be satisfied. Like a never-ending peal of bells it rang and rang, until he was almost maddened, for he heard it in doubt and dread. Revenge was not quite accomplished even yet. What if at the last moment he should fail? And then Mr. Carmichael, exhausted, sank back into a troubled sleep. (TO BE CONTINUED)

☞ The graduates of the West Point Academy keep up the custom of presenting a silver "baby cup" to the member of the class to whom a child is first born. The class of 1865 has awarded the cup of that year to First Lieutenant Frederick W. Bailey, now in San Francisco.

☞ The Charlotte (N. C.) Democrat says:—"Along the road between this place and Monroe, Union county, we saw several white girls in the field ploughing. In one instance we saw two girls about sixteen years old, managing a plough with two oxen attached—one held the plough handles and the other drove the oxen."

☞ At Steubenville, Ohio, a few nights since, a young Cuban having made a call upon some ladies, was bowing himself out of the house, when his coat caught fire from a gas jet, and before it was extinguished he received fatal injuries.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced in THE POST of May 4th a new novelet, called

LORD ULSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novelet of great power and interest.

Our other novelet,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY,

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "JOYCE DORMER'S STORY," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novelet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

A SENSIBLE LETTER.

We find the following very sensible letter to the French people from "John Bull" in the last number of the "London Punch." We hope that American editors generally will read it. Many of them are constantly doing their little all to aid in plunging Europe into a general war, by their taunts that England, or France, or Austria is losing "prestige," and sinking into a less influential position. They profess to be Christians, and to believe that "Blessed are the *peace* makers," and yet they talk as if war, on the slightest pretext, and even without a pretext, were not only justifiable but laudable. And then, as we have observed, it is always the successful party, without much regard to the goodness of his cause, on whose side they ultimately array themselves; as if success were a proof of right, "the wager of battle" a certain means of testing the justice of a cause. But we will detain our readers no longer from the letter in question, which is as excellent a vindication of the wisdom of the peaceable policy which England of late has pursued in her foreign affairs, as could well be put in so few words:—

PEACE AGAINST PRESTIGE.

To MONSIEUR JACQUES BONHOMME.

Monsieur—Certain scribes and spouters want you to go to war with Prussia about Luxemburg. They tell you that if you don't you will lose your prestige. Well; suppose you do? I shall say, Brother in calamity, come to my arms!

They are continually telling me that I have lost mine. Very possibly I have. I lost it, they say, because I wouldn't fight Prussia to prevent her from robbing Denmark of Schleswig-Holstein. What should I have got by an attempt at fighting Prussia with unconverted Enfields? I don't know. Very likely a deuced good licking; small addition, at any rate, to my prestige. But I know what I should have lost. I certainly should have lost many millions of money, and many thousands of men; and might have had less prestige than none to show for them.

Monsieur, the truth is, I can't afford to keep a prestige. Trying to do so has cost me above eight hundred millions sterling. I don't feel the loss of my prestige at all. If I have lost it, indeed, I should say that I feel better without it. What is prestige, after all? The word is a piece of diplomatic and political slang. It is yours, and of course I need not tell you originally meant illusion caused by sorcery, or the effect of imagination. *Prestigia* means simply a trick. Prestige, even in its slang sense, is a word whose significance includes something illusory, deceptive; somewhat, in fact, of humbug; the humbug of the charlatan. It expresses a halo of renown, so to speak, which is more or less of the nature of moonshine. Who are they whom prestige chiefly influences? The unreasoning and the impressible.

What is the use of prestige, Monsieur? It may make people who, if you had it not, would not regard you, mind what you say—for a time. But at last some people don't mind what you say, for all your prestige, and then you must either lose it or fight them—as the scribes and spouters are now instigating you to do, and tried to make me; but they couldn't. Consequently, no doubt, people sometimes don't mind what I say to them—which they may live to repent. Their contempt does not hurt me; they may despise me as much as they please so long as they leave me alone. At last, too probably, some of them will do something that I can't stand. Then, and not till then, I shall fight, and I shall fight with a will. By that means I shall get back my prestige fast enough; in as far as I am able to win prestige by fighting.

Monsieur, is prestige worth smashed skulls, shattered limbs, exenterated bodies? Is it worth driving thousands and thousands of men to death, to torture, to mutilation, and wretchedness for life? And oh, Monsieur, is it worth the millions and millions of francs which, if you fight for it, you will have to pay for it?

Wait, like me, Monsieur, till you are menaced. You will have to wait a long time. Anybody would think twice, and more, before resolving to quarrel with such a great fellow as you.

The scribes and the spouters will represent me to you as talking about prestige like the fox in the fable who had lost his tail. But in the first place, I don't know that I really have lost my prestige. Perhaps I am told so only to vex me. Besides, a fox's tail is a substantial thing, and prestige is another thing. It is not like any tail, except the tail of a comet, which is lighter than vapor and astonishes weak minds. Even if I were convinced that I actually had lost it, I would not afford my ill-wishers, who taunt me with its loss, the satisfaction of seeing me go about whining and blubbering—Boo-hoo-oo-ooo, I've lost my prestige!

I intend, Monsieur, to limit my care about my prestige to the requisite provisions for making any who, on the presumption that I have lost it, may think they can bully me, find out their mistake. Permit me to advise you to content yourself with practising the same moderation.

In the hope of seeing and hearing less and less in future of that humbugging word, prestige, which I dislike as much as I do that other humbugging word, glory, I entreat you, Monsieur, to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration. JOHN BULL.

We may add that Queen Victoria for her efforts in behalf of peace, deserves the admiration of all consistent Christian men and women. She is said to have written to Louis Napoleon, as well as to the King of Prussia, on the subject, and given all of her influence to the Convention which ultimately arranged the terms of settlement. Honor to her as to a truly wise and noble lady.

GOUGH.

This eloquent gentleman has been lecturing in Philadelphia. In our opinion, he would be much improved by a series of severe criticisms. He has had so much and such constant praise, that he has fallen into some very objectionable peculiarities. One favorite position especially, that of placing both of his hands upon his knees, bending forward of course to enable himself to do so, is the most ungraceful attitude we ever saw upon the public platform. Some friendly critic could do Gough a great service by telling him of this and other faults. For our own part, we have not the time, nor do we care to take the trouble. Probably after all, the orator himself, to say nothing of his friends, would only be offended, instead of presenting us with a service of plate, as they should do.

Miniature of Queen Victoria.

This beautiful miniature, presented to George Peabody by the Queen of England, as a token of her admiration for his benevolent gift to the poor of London, is now on exhibition at Earle's Gallery, 816 Chestnut street. The miniature is of rather large size, and is is enamelled on gold. The whole cost of the present, as it stands, is said to have been over $40,000.

THE SILVER MOTH.—A correspondent wishes to know the best mode of getting rid of this troublesome insect? Can any of our readers inform him?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BISHOP'S SON. A Novel, by ALICE CAREY. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. The publishers say of this novel that "it will compel its own recognition by sheer force of the genius which it exhibits."

BEATRICE BOVILLE AND OTHER STORIES. By OUIDA, author of "Strathmore," &c. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

ON THE BORDER. By EDMUND KIRKE, author of "Among the Pines," &c., "Life of Jesus," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Phila.

TWICE TAKEN. A Historical Romance of the Maritime British Provinces. By CHAS. W. HALL. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

THE ROMANCE OF THE AGE; OR, THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA. By EDWARD E. DUNBAR. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Chestnut street, Phila. This volume contains a portrait of John A. Sutter, with engravings of Sutter's Fort and Sutter's Saw Mill, at which latter place gold was first discovered by James W. Marshall, one of Captain Sutter's workmen. It is strange how, as narrated in this volume, the discovery of gold absolutely beggared both Marshall and Sutter. Crowds of people rushed in, refused to acknowledge the titles of either to the land—though Sutter was the owner of large tracts—killed the cattle for food, and used whatever they wanted without payment. These lawless proceedings, in conjunction with the fact that all his laborers left him to hunt for gold, so that he could no longer sow nor gather his crops, reduced Sutter from wealth to poverty. Both Marshall and Sutter found the discovery of gold a continual curse to them. Hargraves, who returned to Australia by Marshall's advice, and discovered gold there, has been made wealthy by the British government.—Nothing however has been done for either Marshall or Sutter—and, if the facts be as stated, it is disgraceful to California in the first place, and to the United States Government in the second.

HALF TINTS: Table D'Hote and Drawing Room. Light Essays on "Commonplace," "Come," "The Universe," "Little Ones," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; and for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE MANAGEMENT OF STEEL. By GEORGE ED; Employed at the Royal Gun Factories' Department, Woolwich Arsenal. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

"What is Woman Like?"

"False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What then do you think she is like?
Like to sand? Like a rock?
Like a wheel? Like a clock?
Ay, a clock that is always at strike.
Her head's like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on!
Her heart's like a lemon—so nice,
She carves for each lover a slice.
In truth she's to me
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose ravings will hearken to no man.
Like a thief, like—in brief—
She's like nothing on earth but—a woman."

☞ SWINGING AS A REMEDY.—Dr. Brown Sequard, an eminent physiologist and physician to one of the Parisian hospitals, recommends the use of the swing as a preventive of nervous attacks, which recur periodically. In certain cases of hysteria and epilepsy he has prevented the coming on of the fit by engaging his patient in violent swinging at the first indication of its approach. This would seem to be on the famous homœopathic principle, that what causes will cure.

☞ Before the recent purchase of Russian America, Great Britain had 76,172 more square miles of land on this continent than the United States. Now she has 385,108 square miles less.

☞ In the Supreme Court of the United States, on the 13th, the Georgia Injunction case was dismissed for want of jurisdiction. The Court adjourned on the 16th until December. The motion for leave to file an amendment to the Mississippi bill was denied, and the bill was dismissed for want of jurisdiction. An injunction was granted to restrain the payment of certain Texas bonds sold by the rebel government of that state during the war.

☞ At Sigel, Mo., recently, a wedding party assembled at the appointed time, but the bridegroom did not appear. The guests were shocked, the bride hysterical, until a nice young man, one of the spectators, offered himself in place of the faithless swain, was accepted and married on the spot.

Women in Religion.

A correspondent of "*The Presbyterian*," in giving an account of the recent discussion in regard to "Toleration" in the Congress of Peru, says:—The first day that the matter was discussed, a vast concourse of women, instigated by the priests, were in attendance, and made such a disturbance while a member was speaking in behalf of tolerance, that the session was broken up in confusion.

Of the scenes of the second day, I can speak more certainly, as I was present during the entire session. The Congress has appropriated the building of the now extinct University of Lima, the chamber being the ancient chapel. With some lack of gallantry, an upper and very contracted gallery is set apart for ladies, while the lower gallery, with its comfortable seats and a large part of the floor, is appropriated by the sterner sex.

Upon my arrival, I found the hall crowded to its utmost capacity. Every face was eager with suppressed excitement. There was the usual routine of preliminary business; there was a flash of applause on the part of the men, and an accompanying murmur of disapprobation from the women, on the presentation of a petition in favor of toleration from eight hundred citizens of Callao; and then, amid tumultuous cries, the orator of the day, a champion of tolerance, ascended the tribune. The tribune here is the old chapel pulpit, and, during the speech which followed, I was able to appreciate, as I never did when it was over my own head, the possible utility of the old-fashioned sounding-board. It was to Senor Casos a very effectual protection against the missiles of his fair assailants over head. The assembly, although tumultuous, was far more orderly than upon the preceding day. The presence of a body of soldiers, no doubt, contributed to this improvement. The speaker was heard with the greatest ease, and it was only during his pauses, that the disturbances broke forth. The men in attendance seemed to be almost unanimous in supporting the speaker; the women unanimous in opposing him. Some of the exhibitions of impotent wrath on the part of the *Senoritas* were almost laughable. They came provided with vast supplies of paper slips, on which they had written insulting words, and which by the handful they would shower down upon the sounding-board which sheltered the head of the offending deputy. They also threw down wreaths made of hair and noxious flowers. They would break into derisive laughter, and shouts of "Jew," "Heretic," "Infidel." While the men would retort, "Silence," and "Vivas" —(which is about equivalent in such a case to our "Old Maids")—encouraging their hero with rapturous vivas. When the speech was ended, and the hall cleared for secret session, the men rushed to an inner court, through which their gentle adversaries were compelled to pass, and formed a long and narrow lane for their egress, saluting them with such remarks as, "You had better go and confess now," while the ladies unabashed, refused even to veil their faces with their *Mantas*, and sometimes even turned to retort with angry words upon their persecutors. * * *

Before the time came for voting upon the article, it was seen that the excitement was so great that its rejection would probably lead to a revolution, and the expulsion of both President and Congress. The article, therefore, was allowed to pass by a small majority, forty-three voting in favor of it, and forty against. Several of the majority, however, explicitly declared, while voting for intolerance, that they did so only to preserve the public peace, and that they were really in favor of toleration. A recent revolt in the interior of the country, which has not yet been suppressed, was the immediate cause of this timidity.

In curious connection with this subject, an English newspaper gives the following, in a report of a recent speech by the Earl of Shaftesbury at an Anti-Ritualist meeting:—"The women were the cause of the whole of the mischief of Ritualism—(a statement which was received with loud and prolonged cheering). But for them, his lordship said, the Ritualist would never get access to the houses of the people, there to drop the first word of mischief into the ears of the thoughtless and the young. Without the women, they would make no progress at all. If they were driven to accept something—if they must make a concession in a Romanistic sense, let them make it with this condition, that every confessor should be a woman, and when that became a law of the Church, there would at once be an end of the confessional."

COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.—Among the many things for which New York merchants are famous, is the magnitude of their enterprises, and the far-reaching character of their ventures. The operations of the present day throw those of a few years back quite into the shade, and often equal those of a similar kind in the commercial marts of the Old World. The recent large purchases of Tea by THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have taken the trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 13,331 packages Black, and 23,849 do. Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands. The consumption of Tea in this country is largely on the increase.—*Shipping and Commercial List, N. Y., May 16, 1867.*

☞ The American fish-hook and needle company of New Haven, turn out one hundred and eighty million fish-hooks yearly, with a force of seventy-five hands, on machines invented by C. O. Crosby, the President of the company.

☞ At the Colored Educational Convention, held in Macon, Georgia, recently, one of the delegates gave the opinion that "where the teacher keeps the children on a dead strain, sitting five or six hours on a stretch, it has a tendency to injure the agitation!"

☞ Lydia Bliven put out one of her eyes at Lenox, Massachusetts, last week, while attempting to untie her shoestring with a fork.

☞ It is asserted that a lady in Petersburg, Virginia, only 76 years old, has just cut eight new teeth.

☞ Among the large vegetables grown in California are a mangel-wurtzel that weighed 118 pounds; a cabbage head, 53 pounds; a turnip, 26 pounds; a potato, 8 pounds; a sweet potato, 15 pounds; a carrot, 10 pounds; an onion, 47 ounces; and a pumpkin of 260 pounds.

☞ The voting population of the ten reconstructing states is estimated at 661,000 whites, and 412,000 negroes.

☞ The Post Office Department is about to sell 6,000 photographs, etc., gathered from dead letters.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

ICAN PERUVIANS—INDUSTRIAL CHARACTERISTICS—PRODUCTIONS AND MANUFACTURES—YIACCO PLANT—LA TORRACE—A BULL HUNT—EXCITING SCENES.

There is more of mixed blood, though by no means so many grades of mix are as are presented further north, among the modern Peruvians inhabiting that portion of the country comprised within the parallels of thirteen and sixteen south latitude, and bounded by the Pacific on the southwest and the base of the Andes eastwardly than anywhere else in Peru. The general direction of grade is changed, too, for while elsewhere throughout the country it is popularly the Peruvian grafted upon Spanish stock, here it is an infusion of Castilian blood into the race of the ancient Incas. A decided improvement upon the dominant rule, for in all time since the conquest there have been no better South Americans anywhere than the Peruvians living within these limits.

While as an arbitrary rule throughout Spanish America the mingling of Spanish blood with that of the natives has had a demoralizing effect, giving all the vices of the Caucasian conquerors to the native American, without one of its attendant virtues, making the savage more utterly a barbarian, here we find few of the objectionable characteristics of either race. The Icans, as the people of this district are called, are almost universally temperate, cleanly in all their habits, frugal, industrious, enterprising, and proverbially hospitable and friendly to strangers, rarely exhibiting a trace of the indolent indifference to labor, beastly filthiness and moral degradation, or anything of the subtle treachery that characterize the modern South Americans of both races.

The Icans generally, having lost the traditions and idolatry of their Quecha ancestors, and persistently declined to accept Christianity, are a community of civilized barbarians, without the religion of civilization, and at the same time exempt from—not the vices of religion—but of popular civilization. Though industry is universal among them, the cultivation of the soil being more general than in any other region of the entire Pacific slope, and a great variety of manufactures are carried on, the modern arts and sciences are as yet unknown. Cultivating the soil is the main occupation of the majority of the population, and as a general rule agricultural industry is largely rewarded. All the tropical fruits and roots, such as sweet potatoes, yams, yaccas, the *Tolu*, &c., grow in perfection and yield enormously, while corn, rice and tobacco are largely produced, as well as considerable cotton, cocoa, coffee and cane, a large amount of very fair sugar being manufactured from the latter. As the entire district lies within the great rainless region of the Pacific slope, copious dews and irrigation supply the place of rain and afford abundant fertility.

The manufactures are various, consisting of pottery and earthern wares, all rude and primitive in fashion, but durable, and answering in variety to every Peruvian want, from the great twelve gallon water jar, through all forms of household utensils, down to the coffee cup and earthen patty plate. A great many grass or Panama hats, and pretty, serviceable grass hammocks, are also manufactured by women and girls, mostly in the small towns along the coast. Weaving is one of the occupations of almost every household, making of the cotton and other fibrous material of the region, strong, lasting, and in some instances fine and really pretty fabrics. But as no weaving, even on a primitive Peruvian loom, can be achieved without a preliminary preparation of the fibre, spinning is another universal branch of industry, an art at which almost every Ican woman, senorita, and frequently little girls, are astonishingly expert.

A large majority of all fruits, grains and manufactured material not required for home consumption is sent to Lima and Callao, though the coast towns and several considerable interior villages make markets for much of the produce of the territory. As we found very few instances in which individuals, families and communities were not in some way producers largely in excess of consumption, of course incomes exceeded expenses in the same ratio; and as simple frugality is a prominent characteristic of the people universally, wealth, comfort and independence are everywhere the rule. Indeed it is a proverb among them that "Beggars cannot breathe in Icania."

Recent notices in several of our prominent public journals of a late discovery in Peru of a *new* plant affording a valuable textile material, reminds me that the plant noticed is probably an *old* one—old as Peru herself. If identical with that recently brought to the notice of our Agricultural Department by our official representative in Peru, we saw the plant common enough in northern Chile, all through Bolivia, and in the Andean regions of Peru, but only as common as the common *milk weed* in the United States, and as little utilized. The Indians call the plant *Yiacco*, the Spaniards *Passarosa*. As for its botanical baptism, I am not aware that it has ever had one.

As we journeyed westward from Ayacucho, we found the *Yiacco* more plentiful and of a much larger growth than we had before seen it, and among the Icans we saw many weavers employing the soft, white, flossy fibre, mixed with either lambs' wool, the soft, silky hair of the *vicuna*, brought from the interior, and more frequently with the finest of their native cotton, in the manufacture of their delicate woven fabrics, some of which are gauze-like and very beautiful. But the testimony of these Peruvian experts went to confirm our own opinion of the quality of the material, after careful examination, and submitting it to such tests as were deemed conclusive. The fibre is very fine, white, soft and silky, and of a length equalling that of our best Sea Island cotton; but too flat, thin and fragile to spin without great difficulty—incapable of making a strong, lasting fabric.

The plant itself resembles most the wild Indian hemp common in the United States, only it grows much larger in this lowland region of Peru, bearing a similar pod, in length from three to five inches, the lint covering a central cone-shaped core, on which the small, flat seeds, brownish red in color, lie closely overlapping each other, like scales on a fish. When ripe, the lint readily flakes off from the core without detaching or disturbing the seeds. The plant bears profusely, and in full bloom present a very pretty appearance, being in shape like the ladies' slipper, and greatly variegated.

From the description recently given of the new Peruvian textile plant, I am inclined to believe that there has been a late discovery of the old *Yiacco*, known and a little utilized in Peru in the days of the Incas. On the Island of Puna, and in many places along the low shores of the gulf and river of Guayaquil, the plant grows abundantly as a perennial, spindling up among the jungle vines into a tall, slender shrub. The milk which when punctured it exudes in large quantities, is gathered by the natives and dried carefully in the shade, forming a dark brown mass, possessing narcotic properties, and held in high repute for some supposed medicinal virtues, not yet discovered by civilized medical science.

There is one virtue of the *Yiacco*, however, which we learned in Chile and thoroughly tested upon numberless occasions, and which would of itself make the plant an invaluable acquisition in the United States and well worthy of cultivation every where throughout the country, provided it would grow, which I think very doubtful. The green plants introduced into a room swarming with flies will route and cause a rapid retreat of every buzzing insect in an incredibly brief space of time, and the milk rubbed over the skin affords perfect immunity from the attacks of gnats, mosquitoes, ticks, bugs, and every species of insect and reptile pest inimical to man that always so abound in the tropics.

There was nothing to hurry us forward. It would be four weeks before we might look for the arrival of the Esmeralda, and four weeks pent up in the dull, sleepy little sea-side city of Ica would be a tedious drag to us, so long accustomed to the saddle, *campo* and free field and forest life. The universal friendliness and hospitality of the Icans, and the diversified beauty of the country, invited a lingering progress and more familiar acquaintance, and so it was decided to make a devious march at our leisure, instead of pushing forward by a right line to the coast. We were amply repaid, and our time profitably spent in the main, though there were occasions on which our pastime had in it more of pleasure than profit. One of these was a bull hunt, in which we participated one day, after having reached the more densely populated portion of the country.

Peruvian, as a very large majority of the people were in all their customs and characteristics, they held in utter contempt those of the Spaniards, and in their work, play, or pastime, would do nothing as they did. In the matter of the bovine tournament we were delighted that they did not copy the brutal practices of the Spaniards; for in all countries where it is practiced, the Spanish bull-fight is a disgusting spectacle, exhibiting in its true character the worse than savage ferocity and bloodthirsty barbarity of the race. We had seen bull-fights until we had sickened of them. A *bull hunt* we had never even heard of. There would be a new novelty for our entertainment. Besides, there was in the very name something so like a buffalo-hunt, which we nearly all know something about by reading, and three of us much more by actual experience, that the very mention of a bull-hunt, though we had no more idea of how it was to be conducted than we had of how the political fight for the Peruvian presidency would terminate, nevertheless had a sound of legitimate sport in it, and we were all on the *qui vive* for the chase.

The locality of the fete was the pretty little village of La Torrace, containing perhaps seven hundred inhabitants, but occupying an area sufficient for a city of seventy thousand, spread out in a lovely valley, on both sides of a beautiful little river of the same name as the town.

The hunt was not inaugurated on our account but happening to arrive at the village on the evening before it was to take place, we received an invitation to participate in it, and such instructions as enabled us to understand tolerable clearly the nature of the play and our own parts in it.

There were in all twenty big bulls, all ferocious, formidable old forest and field rangers, who had been for two weeks *corralled*, or penned up, and bated and teased daily by *torradors*, and small dogs trained to the work, until the bovine brutes were as vicious and wickedly disposed as bulls could be. As it was understood that there was to be no killing done except in decided cases of self-defence, our rifles were dispensed with, and at about eleven o'clock A. M. we rode to the "meet" in a sort of public plaza, but more of an orange and banana grove in the centre of the city, where we found already assembled about seventy cavaliers and nearly as many senoras, most of them superbly mounted, and all equipped like ourselves with lassoes and lances, lacking, however, our convenient six-shooters.

The bulls had been liberated at daylight, and driven by a rabble of men, boys, and dogs across the river and up into a wooded sierra, or more properly a rather rough round hill, situated some three miles southwest from the outskirts of the town. Crossing the stream, which flowed in a gentle current above our saddle girths, we rode forward a mixed up multitude, until within half a mile of the base of the hill, when under the direction of Don Raphael Ortega, a handsome, cavalierly middle-aged man, who had been elected master of the hunt, we separated into two divisions as nearly equal as possible without telling off by count, several of us legitimate partners being separated in the bustle and confusion. Then the order was, to ascend the rising ground to the right and left of a dense wood in which the bulls had gone to cover, a portion of each party to flank the position, the remainder riding around and meeting in the rear, leaving the front unguarded, with the intention of forcing the animals out in that direction, and making the "drive" towards the town.

We got into position about half-past twelve, and having the signal from Don Raphael, the bugles sounded along the line, and simultaneously we drove into the cover, passing the cordon of "whippers in," men and dogs, who had taken position just within the borders of the wood. Then for the space of three-quarters of an hour there was music of dogs and horns, and mad bellowing of furious bulls, wild plunging, surging, crashing, charging, and rapid retreat; roars and ringing whoops, escapades and encounters, and thundering tramp of mad bulls and many horses, that made the ground vibrate with successive shocks. There were several sharp hand-to-horns engagements, a great deal of dexterity displayed in eluding the mad onslaughts of the infuriated brutes, badgered by trained dogs, and continually harried by the expert *torradors*. But fortunately no one was quite unhorsed, and no serious damage done on either side.

Suddenly the wild whirlwind changed to a hurricane stampede. Some one, or several it might have been, having headed the big bull of the herd towards the town, he discovering that the way was clear, set up an unearthly roar, which was echoed by his companions, who seemed to comprehend the call of their leader, and instantly all heads and horns were turned in that direction. Then there followed a picture, rapidly changing in its features, than which no buffalo-hunt, whale killing, or episode of battle was ever more exciting. As many men and women as there were bulls had in the first rush got mixed in among them, and away went horses, *caballieros*, bovines, and bright-eyed senoras, in a literal tornado of brutes and humanity, yelling, whooping, barking, and bellowing, tearing, and plunging headlong down the broken, brush-tangled slope—every dog of both parties—hounds, harriers, curs, mastiffs, bulldogs, and retrievers, mingling in the wild melee, and adding yelp and howl, shriek and savage bark to the din, making pandemonium perfect.

In the first division of the party I had lost Madam Cosmo, and through all the surging charges in the wood had nowhere caught a glimpse of her; but ten minutes after we were all going helter skelter down the hill-side I saw her and Monteiro riding stirrup and stirrup in the centre of the flying furious animals, while just in front of them, flanking the big bull on either side and leading the whirlwind stampede, rode Juanita D. Alva and Dr. Bond, and a few yards to the left were Senora Arline Easling and our botanical bug-hunter, while Shieko, our black Brazilian giant, superbly mounted, was bravely battling with the mad bulls, and dashing hither and thither, offering aid and comfort to the three ladies and their companions, who were swept onward with the moving mass like thistle downs twirled away before the sweeping thunder gust. The excited bulls were as fleet of foot as our horses, and to get to the front so as to afford assistance to our companions was an utter impossibility.

And so the surging tide swept on, down the slope, the utmost we could do—the best mounted among us was to gather a little on the flanks of the flying herd and distract somewhat of their attention from our friends in the centre. Here and there a savage brute pressing too closely some one of our party rolled over on his back, floundering and strangling in the noose of the unerring lariat—two or three went down by thrust of lance, and Von Platen put a final period to the career of one huge old fellow, who had made a desperate lunge at him, by driving every leaden drop of his six-shooter into his head at three yards range.

Within a lasso's length of the stream, Big Bull turned like lightning, presented horns and made a dash at Dona Juanita. In a flash Dr. Bond's lasso fell *vip* over the monster's head, tightening about his throat, and checked his charge, bringing him to his knees. The next instant the vast brute snapped the supple cord, and with a roar of rage turned upon the doctor. As quick as thought Juanita drove her lance into the old fellow's shoulder, and in a wink he turned upon her again. Shieko let fly his lasso and drew it tight about the bull's throat in the very nick of time to save Dona Juanita. Fidelia, a beautiful bull terrier belonging to Arline Easling, leaped into the air and fastened her teeth in the cartilage of the bull's nose so firmly that his utmost efforts failed to break her grip.

There were then the big bull, Juanita, the doctor, Shieko, Fidelia, and the three horses all in an inextricable tangle, close to the bank, and just then, down upon them came Monteiro and Minnie, Arline and our bug-hunter, four or five furious bulls, and a score of dogs, and away they all went—horses and humanity, bulls and baying dogs, over the bank—*souse*—splash, down into the stream, at this point some four feet deep. Several of the bovine brutes turned heels over head, dogs fell under and on top of horses and bulls, all the riders except Dona Juanita were unhorsed and sent slashing and blowing about in the water like so many mermen and maids.

Thirty or more of us dashed down into the river to the rescue, three-quarters of us unhorsed by breaking of saddle girths or turning somersaults, and for some twenty minutes there was such odd revel and aquatic fun as the quiet little Peruvian river had probably never witnessed before. Gradually we disentangled ourselves and came up out of the water without serious damage to any one; and thus terminated the hunt, the fury of the bulls and dogs, and our own ambitious ardor having been effectually cooled by the involuntary immersion.

M. Dumas, Pere, and Miss Menken.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald writes, under date of April 27:—For some time past the photographic shops in Paris have attracted considerable attention from the exposure of a photograph representing Miss Menken, the American actress, whose performance in London of "Mazeppa," made a certain sensation, sitting on the knee of M. Dumas, Sen., in a position by no means graceful. This has led to a great deal of whispering in theatrical and literary circles, and innocent people went so far as to rumor m rriage. M. Dumas having allowed all Paris the opportunity to purchase this "work of art," and being somewhat disappointed at the uncomplimentary manner with which it had been received by the public, now wished to put a stop to the sale of the objectionable photograph. For that purpose he summoned L. Lubert, the photographer, before the Tribunal, and the case was discussed to-day. The plaintiff's plea was that the photograph had been taken privately, "with his family," and that it was never intended for publication, for which the necessary authorization of M. Dumas had neither been asked nor given. The defendant said it was the custom of the trade to publish these "freaks and follies" of the professional world, and that M Dumas had repented when it was too late. This was the view taken by the Avocat Imperial, who read the distinguished romancist a little moral lesson. The court postponed judgment.

☞ CORAL JEWELRY.—Of late, coral has risen enormously in estimation as an article of jewelry. Pieces that five or six years ago would have sold at five dollars an ounce, now command one hundred times that sum. Formerly, too, the dark red coral was the most esteemed; now it has yielded the place of honor to the rose pink variety. Whether this new taste is mere ephemeral caprice that will die out, remains to be seen; but it is certain that coral, which but a few years since held a secondary place as an article of personal ornament, now commands in the rough a price equal to about twenty times its weight in gold.

☞ A Western man, speaking of the Pacific Railroad, says it is one of the "funniest coincidences in the world, that almost every alternate section of land, on either side of the road, belongs to some member of Congress."

The Social Life of Southern Ohio.

The May number of the Christian Examiner has an article on "Western Emigration and Western Character," from which we extract a few remarks about some of the social characteristics of the region of which Cincinnati and St. Louis are the representative cities. The writer, Rev. A. D. Mayo, says:

"But in social life—as far as relates to the pleasant intercourse of families, neighbors and friends, and the whole region of social amusement, general mingling of acquaintances, and an open-armed, affectionate hospitality to strangers, this district is a charming contrast to the radical North. There is a far greater portion of life given to making life agreeable than among the more intense peoples along the Lake shores. Wealth pours out in unstinted measures for personal indulgence, expensive and luxurious living, and foreign travel. As long as man desires to live for the sake of genial 'good time,' these cities and villages, like Philadelphia, which they greatly resemble, are the most charming places in the West. The country, too, is far more attractive, and the climate more agreeable, than farther north.

"But, so far, the most refined social life here runs in the aristocratic channels worn by the southern leaders of society. The South gave the social law to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and the valley of the Ohio. Almost every wealthy family has a southern wing; and, before the slave states plunged into rebellion, this region was a social suburb of the South. The law of southern society is the exaltation of a family to permanent power, with no care for the corresponding elevation of the people. To build up a great family, connect it with other old and powerful families, educate the children abroad, and select its society from the aristocracy of the whole land, is its ideal of social life. All public spirit is subordinate to family aggrandizement; and, while men of vast wealth and high culture are spending fabulous sums on their family estates and foreign travels, great public institutions languish. With greater established wealth, social refinement, and expensive living than any Western city; with numbers of its rich citizens dwelling and travelling most expensively abroad—Cincinnati has no large public library, no permanent gallery of art, no respectable theatre, no safe, large hall for music or popular entertainments, no association with pluck to sustain a course of scientific or popular lectures, no literary periodical, and no concentration of its able and educated people to do any good thing. All good and great plans finally near the rim of this maelstrom of a luxurious sentimental life, and go down into the paradise of Catawaba and oysters.

"Out of this region has come, however, a large proportion of the eminent statesmen, jurists, and commanders of the West. Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, Logan, and Oglesby, Rosecrans, and Burnside, and their brilliant crowd of companions in glorious deeds; the Ewings, and Shermans, Corwin, Stanton, Chase, Morton, Lincoln, Speed, Benton—are by birth or education the growth of this region. With the exception of Cass and Douglas, both New England men, no man of large proportions has yet got into national politics from the North-West. And while in war the bravery of its soldiery was eminent, neither the North-West nor Western New York produced a first-class general, save McPherson. The North-West swarms with acute lawyers, shrewd politicians, and able, agitating, radical statesmen of secondary calibre; but, somehow, the slower, less exciting society of our central region seems better adapted to the growth of those massive men who can calmly comprehend great interests of state, and put forth tremendous energies in organizing and leading men."

Why Texas is Called the "Lone Star."

The Lavaca Commercial, being asked by a correspondent why Texas should have for her seal a five pointed star, and as to the origin of the motto, "Lone Star," replies as follows:—"In 1843 the writer hereof met at the house of Mr. Polly, in Bailey's Prairie, Brazoria county, old Governor Smith. Mr. Smith was provisional Governor of the embryo Republic, or State, or Territory, of Texas. In conversation about the Texas emblem, the five pointed star, he gave us its Texas origin. He stated that while acting as Provisional, it became necessary to send some official document to New Orleans. The gentleman who was to take the document insisted that it should have some kind of seal. The provisional government had adopted none. Just then some one observed a five pointed brass button on the Governor's old overcoat. It was cut off instanter and used as a State Seal. Arrived in New Orleans, the newspaper reporters, seeing the impression of the five-pointed brass button on the wax, made it an emblem for the Lone Star Republic."

☞ The Supreme Court of Louisiana has decided that no recourse can be had for notes given for the purchase of slaves; also that no recovery can be had on notes based on Confederate money.

☞ In the Paris Exposition, at an English jeweller's stall, are some diamonds so finely cut that by mere pressure the air is excluded from the surface of the stones in contact with the glass, and in this way they adhere to the under side of the glass in the show-case, although they seem to be lying outside. A woman who thought they were scattered loosely on the surface, recently tried to steal them by throwing her pocket handkerchief over them carelessly, while she was apparently looking at something else. Those who noticed her were amused by her surprise and chagrin when she found that the diamonds were not to be swept off.

☞ The death of the old horse Henry Clay, who in his time has been one of the great celebrities, and who was believed to be the oldest living stallion, occurred in Seneca county, New York, April 23d. The age of this horse is announced at 48 years and 7 months—certainly a surprising age for a horse to attain.

☞ The President of the United States on Wednesday took a walk in the streets of Washington, unaccompanied by a guard. Early in Mr. Lincoln's administration guards were placed around the President whenever he ventured out into the street, and that custom has continued until now.

☞ A Mr. Wood has hanged himself in Fairfield, Connecticut, because of his wife's death.

☞ The editor of the New York Independent says of a "preponderating majority" of his subscribers: "They are in the prime of life. Their brows yet glitter with the dew of their youth. They are kings of men—pillars of the church—apostles of the age."

Teaching the Blind and the Deaf.

There are at this time no fewer than three alphabetical systems of printing for the blind, and five arbitrary systems; all manifesting much utility. Books thus printed are read without difficulty or stammering. Geography is taught by maps raised on a flat plane, and the pupils point out readily the positions of the places indicated to them. In vocal and instrumental music they excel, and give concerts with eminent success.

But the most remarkable improvement is in the instruction of the deaf, who would otherwise be mute also. They are taught to *speak* by watching the motions of the mouth and chest, especially the lips of those who teach them, and thus they get to understand also what is spoken to them. To such a degree has this new system succeeded, that one pupil now is able to recite regularly with her class in school, both understanding what is said to her, and reciting in turn with the rest, equally with any of them. In Connecticut considerable attention is being paid to this matter, and the success is wonderful. The idea now gained, deafness in childhood will be curtailed of half its afflictiveness. Such are some of the efforts most noteworthy at this moment.

JEFFERSON DAVIS RELEASED ON BAIL.—Mr. Davis was brought before the U. S. Court at Richmond, on the 13th, Judge Underwood presiding, and was released on giving bail for $100,000 to appear at the November term of Court. Twenty gentlemen went sureties for Davis in $5,000 each, viz:—

HORACE GREELEY, New York.
AUGUSTUS SCHELL, New York.
ARISTIDES WELSH, Philadelphia.
DAVID K. JACKMAN, Philadelphia.
W. H. MCFARLAND, Richmond.
RICHARD B. HAXALL, Richmond.
ISAAC DAVENPORT, Richmond.
ABM. WARWICK, Richmond.
GUST. A. MYERS, Richmond.
WM. W. CRUMP, Richmond.
JAMES LYONS, Richmond.
J. A. MEREDITH, Richmond.
WILLIAM H. LYONS, Richmond.
JOHN M. BOTTS, Virginia.
THOMAS W. DOSWELL, Virginia.
JAS. J. THOMAS, Jr., Richmond.
HORACE F. CLARK, New York.
GERRITT SMITH, New York.

And two others.

☞ A HINT FOR OUR FARMERS.—France obtains fifty per cent. more wheat per acre than the United States, and England more than one hundred per cent. greater crops than ours—and the secret is superior cultivation and manuring.

☞ According to a late ruling of the English courts a man may put his hand in another's pockets, and if he finds nothing, he cannot be arrested.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The only known, reliable cure for Asthma. Sufferers with this terrible disease shou'd not delay in trying these matchless remedies. They give, in a few days, perfect and permanent freedom of breathing. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In West Chester, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Wm. E. Moore, MR. CHARLES L. DURBIN, of Phila. to Miss ALICE CHEVNEY, of Thornbury, Chester county, Pa

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, L. F. CARON to Miss HELEN A., daughter of A. Hardie, of Washington, D. C.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Doctor Dales, Mr. JOHN B. HOWE, of Oil City, Pa., to Miss MATILDA GILFILLAN, of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, J. HOWARD JONES, of Phila., to Miss SALLIE RUGLES, of Montgomery county.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. EDWARD MILLER to Miss REBECCA MITCHELL, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Alex. Reed, Mr. JOHN DAVENPORT to Miss ANNIE V. WRIGHT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, ELIZABETH LEGAUX, wife of John Righter, in her 70th year.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM MASSEY, Jr., aged 29 years.

On the 12th instant, WARD J. CARVER, in his 37th year.

On the 13th instant, PURNELL TATEM, in his 36th year.

On the 13th instant, REBECCA H. POWELL, in her 66th year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM EVANS, in his 80th year.

On the 12th instant, Miss REBECCA JENNINGS, in her 83d year.

On the 18th instant, WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, in his 21st year.

On the 17th instant, CHARLES KEMBLE, Sr., in his 64th year.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION WITHOUT TEACHER.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE for the Piano, Violin, Flute, Melodeon, Cabinet Organ, Guitar, Accordeon, Fife, Flageolet, and Clarionet, designed in its Lessons, Examples and Exercises to impart a Knowledge of playing without the aid of a teacher; with selections of choice Music. Price of each book 75 cents. Sent, post-paid.

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A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent gratis to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

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THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $3.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving, - - - - - 4.00

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We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending us a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

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HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

WHOM FIRST WE LOVE.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead;
And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care;
And yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—Heaven help and pity me!
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think.
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us to do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times, and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? And who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know all.

The Largest Described Snake.

Mr. Speke, in his work on the discovery of the sources of the Nile, thus describes the death of a snake of the boa species, shot by his travelling companion, Captain Grant: "I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay, grass, and bushes, and saplings, and in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off, as though they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. The monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two and a half inches in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of his body the girth was nearly three feet: thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of."

WELL TURNED.—In one of the prettiest towns in Southeastern Ohio resides Dr. T., whose sayings are often quoted in that propinquity. Passing along the street one day he met a couple of lady acquaintances walking together—one of whom was named Wood, the other Stone. Pausing as he met them, the doctor made one of his most graceful bows, and repeated these two lines of the well known Missionary Hymn:—

"The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to *Wood* and *Stone*."

☞ The Chinese are said to be the best misunderstood people in the world.

ROBINS AGAIN.

There's a call upon the housetop, an answer from the plain,
There's a warble in the sunshine, a twitter in the rain;
And through my heart at sound of these,
There comes a nameless thrill,
As sweet as odor to the rose,
Or verdure to the hill;
And all these joyous mornings
My heart pours forth this strain—
"God bless the dear old robins,
Who have come back again."

For they bring a thought of summer, of dreamy, luscious days,
Of king-cups in the meadow making a golden haze;
A longing for the clover blooms,
For roses all aglow,
For fragrant orchards, where the bees
With droning murmurs go.
I dream of all the beauties
Of Summer's golden reign,
And sing—"God keep the robins,
Who have come back again."

ARABELLA.

A SENSATION STORY.

BY MISS BRADDON, JUNIOR.

Arabella Staples did a very foolish thing when she allowed Mr. Hannibal Thistleton to wait upon her at all. First, Hannibal Thistleton called at Mr. Staples's residence on business—to attend to some repairs on a piano-forte—and after that he came to give one of the younger Staplesses lessons in music. Mr. Thistleton was a very fair musician, and came well recommended, both as to ability and moral character, and, after due trial, it was decided that he was fully competent to teach; and Arabella took it into her head that she would go over some of her old lessons under his guidance.

Hannibal Thistleton was not far from five-and-twenty years of age, of medium height, rather slight in frame, and of faultless proportions. In complexion he was slightly dark, with something of the Italian cast of countenance; his eyes were large and black; his hair was black and worn long, flowing gracefully over his shoulders; the only beard he wore was a very fine moustache; and his wide shirt-collar, of spotless white, was confined at the throat by a narrow black ribbon, and turned down over the collar of his vest. Mr. Thistleton was an enthusiast. Music was his hobby, and he went into the highest kind of raptures over it when he found any one to listen.

Arabella Staples was only eighteen; a happy, joyous, laughter-loving creature, making summer of all the months in the year, and plucking the flowers of pleasure whenever they came in her way; and, though she meant to be very careful and circumspect, yet she often got her fingers pricked by thorns which she had not counted upon in her thoughtlessness. It is not to be wondered at that Arabella liked the society of Hannibal Thistleton. He pleased her; and she, in her innocence of experience in such matters, received his rhapsodies upon Music and the Old Masters as the scintillations of a brilliant intellect. He pressed his hand upon his heart when he talked, and there were times when the tears fairly stood in his eyes in view of the degeneracy of the present age upon the subject of music.

By-and-by Mr. Thistleton invited Arabella to attend a lecture with him; and then he accompanied her to a concert. After this he procured tickets for the opera, and she accompanied him to hear an Italian troupe. Arabella had attended the opera before in company with her brother; but she had never enjoyed it as she enjoyed it now, for Mr. Thistleton was able to explain to her much that she did not understand, and consequently the music had new interest for her.

The brother of whom I have spoken was older than Arabella—and now away at sea, having gone out, a few weeks before Mr. Thistleton made his appearance, as second mate of a staunch East Indiaman.

Several times Arabella allowed the music teacher to escort her to the opera. In time Mr. Thistleton became not only very attentive, but he took it upon himself to drop in frequently when he had no professional business, on which occasions he sometimes brought little presents for Arabella, and occasionally he bestowed trifling gifts upon the younger children.

And thus things went on for a whole year, at the end of which time it was a foregone conclusion on all hands that Hannibal and Arabella were to be man and wife at no very distant day. Thus far the maiden had liked the gentleman, and had enjoyed his companionship; and she had allowed him to talk to her of love, and in turn she had talked of the same subject.

By-and-by Arabella began to discover that there were things in Mr. Thistleton which she did not like—which she could not like. She began to discover that there was no real force in his character—that his enthusiasm upon the subject of music was an art, and that his poetical taste was entirely superficial.

And then when she came to compare him with other men—with such men as her brother John—she found that he was small and frail, that there was far more of show than of substance, and a great deal more of glare than of steady light. For a companion of the drawing-room, or the opera, or the concert, he was all that could be desired; but when she came to regard him as one to whom she must lean for support—as one upon whom she was to cling, and whose stout arm was to uphold her through all the trials of life—she did not like the picture.

At length, one evening in June, Hannibal Thistleton asked Arabella Staples if she would become his wife. At first she was troubled for an answer, and hesitated.

"How, Arabella! Do you hesitate? Do you not know how to answer me?" cried Hannibal, in unfeigned surprise.

And then Arabella told him that she could not answer him then. She must have time to think of it.

Could she think of it by another night?

Yes, she thought she could.

Hannibal seemed to think that this was only a delicate manner of hinting that she did not wish to appear in a hurry to secure a husband, and he went away in a hopeful humor.

On the next day Arabella conversed with her parents, and her father was much her way of thinking. He did not think that Mr. Thistleton would make exactly such a husband as a true woman would need. He told his daughter that she had done very wrong to encourage the gentleman as she had done, but still he could not blame her very severely.

"How could I help myself!" pleaded Arabella. "There have been many times when I would have left Hannibal, but he would not let me. He has never intimated before that he wanted me to marry him."

At this point paterfamilias shook his head, and intimated that most girls would have taken such undivided attention to be in itself a sufficient indication of a desire for marriage; but he did not press the point, and Arabella went on:

"I could not get rid of the fellow. He insisted upon my accompanying him to the opera and to lectures, and to other places. I have given him hints enough that I should much prefer that he would not be quite so attentive, but he would not take them. Of course I could not refuse to see him when he called at the house, and I could not find words in which to tell him that he had better make his visits less frequent. He has given me to understand that he sought my society because he had no other friends, and he has appeared so grateful for my kindness that I could not withhold it."

Mrs. Staples was very sorry indeed, but she could not urge her daughter to marry against her will, and, furthermore, she had sense enough to see that Hannibal Thistleton was not the man she should want for a husband.

"Just compare him with Jack," suggested Arabella.

And that was just what the proud mother had been doing. It was the thought of her stout-hearted, stalwart boy that had led her to remark the deficiency of Mr. Thistleton, and taking the two together—if Jack Staples was the beau ideal of the true man, then Hannibal Thistleton must have fallen far short of the mark.

On the following evening Mr. Thistleton called, and was informed by Arabella that she could not become his wife.

He was thunderstruck. He could not believe it—he would not believe it. She did not mean what she had said.

But Arabella did mean it, and she communicated the assurance to him in the most positive language.

"Mr. Thistleton," she said, as calmly as she could speak, "since you will not listen to reason I shall leave you, and when you have had time for reflection I will write to you and give you a full explanation. If you wish it, sir, I will send my father in to converse with you, but as for myself I will bid you good evening."

Hannibal started towards her to grasp her arm, but she avoided him and made her way from the room.

In a little while Mr. Staples entered, and when he saw what a state of excitement the young man was in he tried to calm him, but his efforts were of no avail.

The lover was frantic and would not be calmed. He declared that he would have Arabella for his wife if he had to wade through fire to gain the end. And he stamped his feet, and beat his fists, and howled to such a degree that Solomon Staples was really frightened. At one time he thought he should have to call in his daughter and give her hand to the mad lover, whether she were willing or not. He thought full sure that blood would be spilt. But after a time, and with something such a flourish as Richard III. makes when he declares his readiness to give his kingdom for a horse, Hannibal seized his hat and rushed from the house.

On the following day Arabella sat down and wrote a long letter to Mr. Thistleton. She acknowledged that she had done wrong, that she ought not to have countenanced his familiarity so long, but at the same time she appealed to his truth and generosity to admit that she was not all to blame. She had many times hesitated about keeping his company, and had more than once expressly told him that such constant intimacy might lead to results more serious than either of them anticipated; but he had laughed at her, and declared that such fears were entirely groundless. She admitted again that she had done wrong, and most humbly besought him to forgive her.

She had been in a measure thoughtless, and had not weighed the circumstances as she ought, so as to be prepared for inevitable results; and she was now suffering for her wrong doing. But should she make herself miserable for life because she had made a mistake in the past? And then she appealed to him to know if he would ask her to be his wife knowing, as he must, that she did not love him. And, further still, would not any attempt at compulsion on his part cause her even to withdraw her friendship from him? He must see, if he were not wholly blind, that they could never be nearer to each other than they were now; and she begged of him not to take any steps which could prevent her from always esteeming him as a friend, which she very much wished to do.

This letter was sealed and sent to Mr. Thistleton, but it only seemed to exasperate him still more. It probably exasperated him because of its calm and candid tone, which plainly demonstrated that the writer was fixed for the purpose.

His conduct after the reception of this letter very clearly showed that Arabella had avoided a most melancholy fate in escaping marriage with him. Those very qualities which she had detected in repose, and which even then had led her to suspect him, now that they were brought into full play, fairly startled her and made her shudder. She could not help thinking what a dreadful fate would have been hers if she had, in the first month of her acquaintance, been led to marry him.

And then his outrageous conduct took from him all the sympathy which he might have received if he had behaved himself. Mr. and Mrs. Staples would have sympathized with him, and neighbors and friends would have given him their sympathy; but as it was he took especial pains to show to the world that the maiden did a wise thing when she rejected him.

Hannibal Thistleton placed himself in Arabella's way on every possible occasion, and pressed his suit even where others could hear him. He exhibited to her a pistol, with which he declared he meant to take his life if she did not have him; and he plainly intimated that he would shoot the first man that dared to wait upon her in public, and one might infer from his dark threats that he might be induced to shoot her.

This was becoming intolerable. The whole family were in a state of constant alarm, for the madman had sworn that he would not cease from his importunities until Arabella had consented to become his wife. He did not care whether she loved him or not; he loved her, and that was enough.

Things were in this state when Jack Staples came home from sea; and when he had heard the story, his first impulse was to find Mr. Thistleton and give him a sound drubbing; but when the man had been pointed out to him, he concluded that it would be cowardly for one like himself to lay violent hands upon such a fellow. Said he to his sister:

"Bella, you must cure him of his folly."

"Indeed, if I only knew how I would do it willingly. I would venture much, for I cannot live so much longer."

"I think," pursued the stout sailor, after a little reflection, "that we can hit upon a method without much trouble. Of one thing we may feel perfectly assured, and that is that Hannibal Thistleton is an arrant coward. No man possessing the courage of an ordinary child, would do as he does; and of course no gentleman would do it. You haven't forgotten how to fire a pistol yet?"

"Mercy! You—"

"Pshaw! I don't mean any harm at all. You used to beat me with the pistol."

"And I sometimes amuse myself now with the pretty silver revolver you gave me."

"Does Thistleton know that you have ever fired a pistol?"

"Yes. He found me once firing at a mark."

"So much the better. You wait here a moment."

Jack hurried away to his chamber, and when he returned he had a small mahogany box in his hand. This he opened, and revealed a pair of good-sized silver-mounted pistols.

"There, Bella; those I purchased as mere matters of curiosity. They are such pistols as the performers of magic legerdemain use when they allow people to fire at them. Now look, and I will show you how they are constructed. This main barrel has no connection with the tube upon which the percussion-cap is placed. You may put as much powder and as man bullets as you please into this barrel, and yet no harm can be done. Here, you observe, is a place which at first sight appears to be a socket for holding the rammer, and you see there is a rammer in it; but we can withdraw the rammer and there we shall find a smaller barrel, into which we can put a charge of powder, and that connects with the tube. So—suppose we have a charge of powder already in this small barrel; of course, no one unacquainted with the secret would ever think of looking for a barrel there. Now, then, we go to work and make a great display of loading the pistol. We put in the powder and ball, and ram down a wadding; then we put on a cap; then we cock it; and I bid you take it and fire at me. You pull the trigger—there is an explosion; and I take from my mouth a bullet, which I pretend to have caught there as it came from the pistol; but in reality only the blank charge in the inferior barrel was fired. From the main barrel we can draw the charge at our leisure; but it cannot be reached with fire, except we introduce it at the muzzle. Do you understand it?"

Arabella understood it very well, and she thought it very curious. She had seen a professor perform that very trick, and she had wondered exceedingly how he did it.

"And now," pursued Jack, "you must play a trick upon this infatuated lover of yours. You used to be a pretty good actress. Do you think you could act now?"

"If by acting I might rid myself of that man's importunities I think I could act like a Rachel."

"Very well—we shall see. Now give me your attention, and I will explain how it is to be done."

* * * * *

Hannibal Thistleton could hardly credit the evidence of his own senses. He held in his hand a note from Arabella Staples—a note in her own hand—inviting him to call upon her that evening. She should be alone to receive him.

"Aha!" laughed Hannibal. "And so I have brought the proud beauty to terms. I thought she could not stand it long. By heaven!" he here started across the room, smiting his fists together—"I'd have hunted her to the end of the earth but she should have capitulated! So, so, my pretty one! The man you would have scorned has proved too much for you! But never mind. 'All's well that ends well.' I shall lay nothing up against her, if she behaves herself in the future."

Mr. Thistleton put the note into his pocket, and at a proper hour—not far from eight o'clock—he pulled the bell-knob at Mr. Staples's door. A servant-girl answered the summons and escorted him into the parlor, where the blinds were shut, the curtains drawn close, and the burners of the chandelier all lighted. Miss Arabella was there, alone, and she arose as he entered, and motioned him to a seat.

How strangely she looked. And how strangely she acted. She was dressed in a robe of plain black silk, fitting closely to the neck; her hair was combed smoothly back from her brow, and floated in wavy masses over her shoulders; and of ornament she wore not a thing. He intended to have spoken—to have spoken condescendingly and kindly—so that she might see that he had it in his heart to forgive her; but there was something in her look and manner that held him spell-bound.

"Mr. Thistleton," she said, when he had taken a seat, speaking in a stern, cold tone, "I have sent for you, and I am glad that you have come. There is no need that I should waste time by recounting the occurrences of the past; but I must be permitted to say that they cannot be longer continued. You say that life can be nothing to you without me for your wife. Have you not said so?"

"My dear—"

"Keep your seat, sir! and answer me direct, if you please. I want a simple yes or no. Have you not said that life could be nothing to you without me?"

"Yes."

"And do you still persist in that declaration?"

"I do."

"Then, sir, watch my movements. I want you to pay particular attention, for I have no desire to take you at a disadvantage."

Thus speaking Arabella turned to the table by her side and opened a small mahogany box that stood thereon. From this she took two pistols and laid them upon the cloth. Then she took a small silver flask and lifted first one and then another of the pistols, pouring a charge of powder into the barrel of each.

"You will observe," she said, "that I load these weapons both alike." Her voice was as cold, stern, and steady as though she had been a second Catharine of Russia, and not a muscle of her frame quivered. "These bullets, you will observe, fit snugly, and I can assure you that they are not playthings. And these percussion caps, sir, are of the most approved make. Not one of them was ever known to miss."

Slowly and surely she loaded both the pistols, and when they had been capped she held them by the barrels, one in each hand and faced her visitor.

"Hannibal Thistleton, you have said your say, now listen to mine. You cannot live without me. I cannot live with you. Still, I admit that I have done wrong, and am willing to make all the reparation in my power. I cannot give you my hand, and you will not give it up. So one of us must die—perhaps both. You are a man of courage—I have heard you say so many times—and now you shall have opportunity to prove it. Here are two pistols. You shall take one and I will take the other. I will station myself upon one side of this table, and you shall stand opposite to me. I will give the words—one, two, three—and at the word three we fire. I shall aim at your heart, sir."

"Good Heaven!" gasped Hannibal Thistleton, starting to his feet and quivering like an aspen. "Do you think I could fire at a woman?"

"Do I think you could fire at a woman!" repeated Arabella, in tones and with a gesture that would have brought down the house at the theatre. "What have you been doing for the past month? Fire at a woman! Why, you poor, quivering, soul-forsaken wretch, have you not been as a crawling viper in my path, hissing and darting forth your poisonous forked tongue? Fire at a woman! Have you not been persistent in harassing and insulting me at every turn? Out upon thee, thou craven! Fire upon a woman! In Heaven's name, don't count me as woman. But enough of this. Ere the golden sun of another day breaks the prison bars of night, and ascends to reveal the deeds that have been done on earth during the vigils of the stars, either you or I shall have crossed the dark river into that far-off unseen where mortal ken hath never reached. Here are the pistols. Take your choice. They are both alike. Take one of them—take it."

Like one in a terrible dream the man took a pistol, and then moved back towards the seat he had occupied.

"No, no," cried Arabella, with a commanding wave of the hand. "Not there. Stand by this table."

No actress upon the stage ever excelled the acting of that time. Arabella had not only made herself perfect in her part, but the presence of the man who had so meanly abused her—who, when she had humbly begged his pardon, had used the advantage of his position to worry and insult her—the presence of the man and his craven appearance as he cowered before her—gave vigor to her power, and she really felt in her very veins the character she had assumed. Her eyes flashed, her bosom swelled, and her whole frame seemed to dilate with the wondrous emotions that gave direction to her speech.

Hannibal Thistleton moved a step towards the table, and stopped. He had no room for doubting the maiden's intent. It was too plainly recorded in her looks and actions. His course had driven her to frenzy, and she was mad. He had read of just such women—of women who had conceived great passions—and he knew that they were implacable. He remembered Charlotte Corday and Joan of Arc; and he thought of the wicked queens, and of Lucretia Borgia. His knees quivered beneath him, and his face was pale as death.

"Mr. Thistleton," spoke Arabella, advancing to the place she had allotted herself to occupy, "I have said that I could not live with you; and I may add that I cannot live to be fretted and harassed by you. It is a hard thing to take a human life, but there are some things that are harder. Come—are you ready?"

"Not to fire at a woman," gasped Thistleton, advancing and laying his pistol upon the table.

Arabella laughed scornfully.

"Oh, what a craven coward, thus to steal away behind so miserable a subterfuge! But never mind. I know that twelve honorable men would never pronounce me guilty of murder for shooting a man like you, under such provocation as you have forced upon me. Oh—don't crouch in that fashion! I shall not shoot you without giving you fair warning. And now listen, for this is my warning—"

"Hold! hold!" cried the trembling wretch, putting forth his hand as she raised her pistol in a threatening manner. "There is no need that you should speak further. You would never make a fitting wife for me, and I shall importune you no more. Thus far I have been led only—only—by my own—"

The poor fellow was so completely broken down that his speech failed him, and as he stood there, pale and trembling, Arabella went and opened the door, and pointed that way with her finger.

Hannibal Thistleton took the hint, and made the best of his way from the room and from the house. And when he had gone, and the sound of his steps had died away in the distance, Arabella sank down so weak and faint that she would have fallen to the floor had not her brother held her in his arms.

"Courage, courage, Bella. Upon my life that was better than any play I ever saw. Did it take hold of you so deeply?"

"I couldn't have borne it much longer, Jack. I felt every word I spoke. I believe if the pistols had been proper weapons I could have stood up and let him fire at me. I was fairly carried away by the part I assumed."

"All right, my sweet sister. You'll soon get over it."

"It will be all right if that man never troubles me again."

"Have no fears on that score, Bella. If he dare to speak to you after this, I will try what virtue there may be in my persuasion."

But Jack Staples had no occasion to make known the peculiar kind of persuasion he might have resorted to, for the infatuated lover troubled Arabella no more; and in less than a week thereafter it was known to some of those who had missed their music teacher that he had left the village.

☞ In Professor Phelp's book, entitled "The Still Hour," occurs the following sentence:—"The stillness of the hour is the stillness of a dead clam at sea." The printer, and not the author, was responsible for the substitution of "clam" for calm.

☞ How, like the shadow upon the dial, thought is ever returning to the place of beginning—where we first began to live, where we first began to love; to the homestead and the trysting-place, the play-ground and the grave-yard.

WHILE BABY SLEEPS.

The violet eyes lie shaded deep,
  Beneath the white lids closing;
The cheeks flushed faint with rosy sleep,
  The dimpled hands reposing—
The sweet red lips held half apart—
  Smiles coming and retreating;
God bless and keep the little heart
  Within the white breast beating,
    As baby sleeps.

The tiny, restless, busy feet
  Lie still in cradle nestling—
The clinging arm, full, white and sweet,
  Upon the pillow resting:
Close out the burst of noise and glare—
  Harsh sound and barsher seeming—
And let the soft, sweet summer air
  Float gently through his dreaming,
    As baby sleeps.

And life and time go hurrying on,
  Their varied meshes weaving;
And Heaven is lost, and Heaven is won,
  And joy gives place to grieving;
The summer comes, the summer flies,
  And brings the autumn's glory—
While still my darling's violet eyes
  Repeat the same old story—
    That baby sleeps.

I sit and muse, while yet apace
  The future years are winging,
And think what gifts of love and grace
  Their hidden hands are bringing;
What paths the little feet may tread—
  What work the hands be moulding—
What crown awaits my darling's head,
  When heart and soul unfolding,
    No longer sleep.

Ah! hope has many a fairy theme,
  From her sweet lips unfolding—
And life has many a golden dream,
  That some fond heart is holding:
But none so glad as those that rise,
  In light and beauty blending,
To shine before a mother's eyes,
  Above the cradle bending,
    While baby sleeps.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE LAWN.

Although the morning was a July morning, the month was still young; and as William Morgan made his tardy way between the hedge-rows that bounded what was called the Manor Road, there was a freshness in the verdure, and an elasticity in the air, that might in vain be sought for when the sultry season should be further advanced. The sky was of a bright blue, mottled by whole caravans of fleecy-white clouds; the delicate blush of the wild-rose varied the green of the quickset here and there; and there was dew yet sparkling on the cobwebs, that glittered as they spanned the grass in shaded spots. It was one of those phases of weather that show the English climate, and the soft English scenery of low hill and woodland, of dell, and dingle, and brooklet, to the greatest advantage.

But the beauty of the day was lost upon William Morgan. He paced on, slow and thoughtful, and gave not a glance to the smile of the sunny morning, or ever noted the wild-flowers peeping coyly out from the hollows and brush-wood of the banks, that rose steeply on either hand. There was a faint, a very faint resemblance between the young man and his invalid sister, such a likeness as occasionally exists between a very beautiful and a very ugly person, knit together by the ties of blood. Not that Fortunatus Morgan—that was the nickname, of Etonian device originally, which the mild ostracists of Pall Mall had chosen to apply to the future legislator—not that Fortunatus Morgan was ugly. Pale, middle-sized, and with a small and regular set of features, with auburn hair, and a weak little auburn moustache shading his upper lip, he was rather good-looking than the reverse; precisely the sort of man to pass muster in a crowd, and to attract scanty notice. His gray eyes, indeed, had at times a look that was pensive, and almost wistful, a look that reminded those who knew Ruth Morgan of the sad, eager, spiritual light that shone in the eyes of the dying sister, who loved her brother with an unselfish devotion which seemed the only link binding her to earth. But Ruth's eyes were blue, not gray, and they were far larger than her brother's, and met the gaze of others more frankly.

There really do seem to be natures on which no amount of worldly prosperity can confer pleasure, just as there are others that cannot be made miserable by all the sufferings of Job. Here, for instance, was the young master of enormous wealth, one whose name was a proverb for good-luck, on whom it seemed as if Fortune had poured forth with large liberality the stores of her cornucopia, and yet discontent sat upon his brow, and he looked as moody—allowance being made for a difference in intellectual calibre—as Hamlet the Dane. Great riches were his, great power for good or ill, fair day-dreams of ambition, sweet prospects of domestic joy, and yet he was sad, and almost sullen, as he walked along the familiar road that led to the house where his affianced bride dwelt. The pains that lovers feel, or, at any rate, the description of them, are somewhat out of date in modern days. It was different once. The wits, the poets, the fine gentlemen, the cavaliers and bloods of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, made no secret of the martyrdom which the caprice or coldness of some cruel fair one caused them to endure. Torments, tortures, flames, rages, furies, were the mildest expressions in the rhymes that bewailed the perfidy or the sternness of a mistress. Fickle Fanny, stony-hearted Belinda, perjured Araminta, were roundly rated in good rattling Alexandrines for their barbarity, and seldom escaped a score or so of poetically abusive epithets. The jilted lover, the snubbed swain, the victims of feminine harshness or treachery, roared out their complaints to the world, and told all who cared to read their couplets, how they languished, drooped, pined, burned, writhed, and died, metaphorically speaking.

We have changed all that. A gentleman would be ashamed to drop into the smoking-room of his club and pass a copy of verses bewailing his hard fate from hand to hand, or possibly to permit some friend to read aloud to the sympathetic audience a half-dozen of stanzas impugning the cruelty of Chloe, or invoking curses on mercenary Lavinia, as was the mode at Will's or the Cocoa Tree, when coffee-houses were. But it does not follow, because the wounded bleed inwardly, and suffer in silence, that the darts of nineteenth-century Penthesilea lack point or barb. The successful suitor for the hand of Flora Hastings was not happy. He had not been rejected, and certainly he had no broken vows to complain of, like the gold-laced and be-ruffled beaux who penned heroics and Sapphic odes to the fair disturbers of their peace. But— Yes, in these ill-assorted marriages there always is a "but," more or less portentous. The sting goes with the honey, the thorn with the flower. Some are too dull to perceive it, and go through life in an ox-like sort of sluggish contentment. Some, whose senses are a little more acute, dimly perceive that all is not well, and that the blessing of even a bishop cannot secure bliss to those who are mated, but not matched. Others, again, struggle and rebel against the chain that their own act has riveted, and either endure the galling of the fetters, or rend and bruise their flesh most cruelly in the unhallowed effort to break away from them.

In William Morgan's case, there was a "but," though he was luckier than some men and women, in that the doubt and dread had come to him before, instead of after marriage. Not that he doubted his own love for Miss Hastings; he was sure, too sure of that. He had never been really in love before: his was rather a cold nature, shy, distrustful, secretive, and it was new to him to feel how very closely the thought and memory of a fair girl's bright face had come to be tangled with his heartstrings.

He was almost afraid of the depth and force of his own passion, more resembling the old divine frenzy that inspired heathen heroes of old, than the modern mawkish preference for "a nice girl," a "pretty little party," which is the utmost to which the stoical swell of our epoch will confess. He felt as if he were playing too high, felt as a gambler might feel, who, in the fever of his heated blood, had set his all upon one cast of a die, or one turn of a card, and must be a beggar if he lost. He was well nigh angry with himself for loving Flora Hastings so very sincerely and engrossingly as he did love her. How if she died—she without whom it now seemed impossible that he should live, at least that he should live any life tinged by joy and hope? How if she should quarrel with him—become estranged from him, give her affections, if not her hand, to some other man, and leave him lonely and bankrupt in that without which his money was but dross to him?

Perhaps he had some imperfect consciousness that this match, on which he had set his heart, and in which his dearest hopes were centered, was a faulty one at best. Perhaps he suspected, rather than knew, that he, William Morgan, was not fit to be the companion, guide, counsellor, and truest friend, through the difficult journey of life, for a clever, warm-hearted, and imaginative girl like Flora Hastings. Possibly, he had some darkling perception of the fact that, whether or no she loved him now, her acceptance of his proposals had been rather prompted by a desire to please her parents, than by any preference for himself; and it did occur to him, once and again, with the pertinacity of a haunting ghost, that the absence of any genuine sympathy between two persons who were to be linked together by bonds that only sin or death could break, augured but ill for their future happiness in wedded life. But he drove the thought from him as an exorcist might have banished a rebel spirit. She was too beautiful, and sweet, and noble, to be renounced. He loved her too dearly to take counsel of his prudence, where she was in question.

Musing thus, the accepted suitor pursued his way until the bright gravel of the drive that swept, yellow and glistening, past the deep porch of the manor-house, crackled beneath his tread. He was going up to the door as usual, when the well known tap, tapping of a hardwood croquet mallet upon a hardwood croquet ball, accompanied by the silvery sound of merry girlish laughter, fell upon his ear. He looked round towards the garden, caught a glimpse of waving hat-feathers and muslin skirts gleaming and fluttering through the dark screen of trees that belted in the green sward, and after a moment's hesitation, he turned towards the quarter whence the sounds proceeded, opened a low iron gate, and passed on beside the flower-beds to the broad lawn.

The group of young ladies and of young men, visitors to Shellton Manor, some of whom were playing croquet while the others looked on, was a merry group enough; indeed, young people, well to do in the world, and on terms of that comfortable intimacy with one another which comes from living together under the hospitable roof of the same country-house, must be very much to be pitied if they cannot pass the rosy hours agreeably. The weather was delicious. Shellton was, of its kind, a pleasant house wherein to sojourn. The Right Honorable Robert growled a little now and then, but gouty men, and notably cabinet ministers, are privileged to exhibit a modicum of ill-humor when the fiend of Podagra is busy with their feet and ankles; and Mrs. Hastings was just what the mistress of a mansion should be. It was all very nice; the guests had not been together long enough to tire of their company, but had had time to thaw into genial good-humor; and croquet, if rather a dull game to some fancies, lends itself to flirtation better even than the archery it has supplanted. Archery had its merits, no doubt; the attitudes that belonged to the bow-maiden's art set off a graceful figure in great perfection; the uniform was often a becoming one, and there was room for a display of nerve and skill; but then it is not every one who possesses a graceful figure, or who can hit bulls-eyes, and win golden arrows; whereas the stupidest girl alive can play croquet—so can the wittiest and the prettiest. The game is deservedly popular.

Some of the youthful guests at Shellton, then, were contending in the strife of colored balls and iron arches, and the others were chatting and watching them, lazy, but well amused. The country-bred girls, really fond of croquet, and accustomed to it, were of course the most skillful and eager of the players, and the simple enthusiasm with which they disputed about those recondite rules of "roquenting," turning back, and so on, regarding which books have been written, was very wonderful and refreshing to the hackneyed London men to whom they were teaching the game. Flora Hastings, with a mallet in her hand, stood among the others like a tall lily among hardy blooming roses. The paleness that is the inevitable result of late hours and hot rooms, had not yet been conquered by the fresh air of the country; but she looked gloriously beautiful, with her golden hair and pure delicacy of complexion, with blue eyes that were at once bright and thoughtful, as noble a girl as any in broad England.

So now William Morgan comes in sight, and as he is perceived, a sort of chill seems to fall upon the blithe party, as if he brought a cold atmosphere along with him. They all greeted him, of course, and appeared glad to see him, as decency required, but he threw a damp upon their spirits, somehow, and they were more artificially polite, less heartily good natured, from the moment that he came among them. It might have been remarked that no one seemed to be on familiar terms with the new-comer, not even Flora Hastings; she gave him her hand very frankly indeed, more frankly, perhaps, than he liked, for he would have preferred a little less of sisterly simplicity in her reception of him; she said a few words of kindly commonplace, to which he made answer awkwardly enough; then he stood still, moodily watching the game.

It is strange, sometimes, to observe that one member of a company seems to be parted from the rest by some invisible barrier that cannot be broken through. Such a viewless wall existed, in this instance, between William Morgan and the guests at the manor-house, or, at anyrate, the younger among them. It was not one of those customary and recognized fences by which the highly complicated society of a country like England is intersected. It was not the boundary-hedge, for example, that might, by a bold metaphor, be supposed to exist between Belgravia and Bloomsbury, or to screen Mayfair from the incursions of Finsbury. The man who was to marry Miss Hastings was not likely to offend against the Graces. Etonians, gentlemen-commoners of Oxford, cannot well be otherwise than persons of good-breeding, unperplexed by aspirates, accurate in dress and deportment. William Morgan, quiet and unassuming, was as much unlike the popular type of the blatant parvenu Croesus as any man could be, and yet no one ever could "get on with him," as the phrase is. The male visitors at Shellton treated him with what the French call high consideration, but there was a reserve that could never be got over. The young-lady guests did not like him; they were half afraid of him, having heard accounts of his wonderful wealth and prospects, until they esteemed him a sort of stray prince from the *Arabian Nights;* but they did not much admire the prince personally.

The game went on, but not with the old zest. The rosy-cheeked, honest-eyed girls from Cheshire or Somersetshire began to find, they hardly knew why, that the fun of croquet was over. They did not prattle or laugh so merrily as before, nor did their cavaliers encourage them by saying such amusing things, or by making such delightfully provoking blunders in the mimic warfare, as had been the case before Morgan's arrival. If the young master of vast riches had been the Fay Morgan, his namesake, he could hardly have thrown a greater gloom over the good meeting by never so threatening an apparition in griffin-drawn chariot. The mallets went tap, tap, like so many woodpeckers, and the balls were driven through the arches with exemplary precision, but the croquet might as well, so far as conversation went, have been carried on by a select assemblage of Quakers.

"Suppose we leave off: the sun is coming round to this side of the lawn, and every one seems tired of the game," said Miss Hastings at last; and the mallets were idle in a moment. Every one was glad to leave off.

"You seemed to enjoy the game half an hour ago, or at least I fancied you did," said William Morgan peevishly. A kill-joy's temper is not always improved by the perception that he is a kill-joy.

"Well, but one may have enough even of a good thing, you know," remarked jolly Captain Crashaw of the Blues.—"Don't you think so, Miss Warburton?"

Miss Warburton did think so; and as several voices affirmed the applicability of Crashaw's maxim to this particular case, the hammers and balls were discarded, and a move towards the house seemed imminent, when two new personages came upon the scene—Mrs. Hastings and Lord Ulswater. They came over the velvet-smooth lawn from the house, smiling and talking. Mrs. Hastings, gracious to all within the charmed circle of her intimate acquaintance, was doubly gracious to Lord Ulswater; perhaps in remembrance that her own race was near akin to the Carnacs, perhaps in the vague hope of winning over an Opposition champion. William Morgan, gnawing his lip, a little apart from the rest, envied the ease of the late comer's bearing. Lord Ulswater's manners had nothing affected—nothing that savored of the late Sir Charles Grandison; and yet their very simplicity was full of grace. Even so poor an act of courtesy as that which the new arrival performed by lifting his hat, seemed to be more expressive, in his case, of a chivalrous deference towards the sex whose presence claimed this homage, than others could impart to it. The sunlight glinted on the tawny gold of the young lord's clustering hair, as his handsome head towered above the group which he was approaching.

Lord Ulswater was one of those men, rare everywhere, but especially scarce in England, whose apparently unstudied ease of deportment relieves the habitual awkwardness of their companions. Most of our countrymen are painfully alive to a tormenting fear of ridicule, and remain on the defensive, tightly braced up in a sort of moral buckram suit, like some sixteenth-century knight, hardly able to waddle in the heavy plate-armor that made him invulnerable and helpless. And yet the rising orator, whose name the newspapers were busy with, said nothing that any of his brother Elizinians might not have said, so far as the words went. He was not in the least eloquent or witty; but very common-place sentences, spoken as Lord Ulswater spoke them, were apt to ring musically in a lady's ear. He was, he said, an unconscionably early visitor, but he had been anxious to find his neighbors at home, and had ridden over the downs at this Gothic hour to avoid the empty ceremony of card-leaving later in the day. He was so glad to hear that Mr. Hastings was getting the better of his old enemy the gout; and yet he had a selfish interest in the gout's tardy retreat, inasmuch as it secured the stay of his friends in the vicinity of the Abbey, where he himself really thought he should remain for some weeks, unless Lady Harriet should turn him out. Lady Harriet, as Lord Ulswater had been telling Mrs. Hastings a moment before, sent all sorts of kind messages, and was very soon coming over to the Manor. He hoped that the inmates of Shellton would not be afraid of his aunt's haunted house; they might perhaps be tempted by the fine weather to venture so far. Lady Harriet would scream at the notion of a ball or a drum, but a sort of fete or picnic in the ruins, he thought, would be rather good fun. Too croquet was over before he came; what a pity! That was all he said to Miss Hastings; and then he turned to talk with the four or five men whom he knew more or less, and shook hands very cordially with the son-in-law elect, and was delighted to make the acquaintance of the rosy young ladies from distant counties, and altogether was a very pleasant specimen of the morning caller.

William Morgan, sulking in the shadow of the rhododendron clump, like Achilles in his tent, viewed Lord Ulswater with gloomy eyes. He had always been well enough treated by the chief of the Carnacs; knew no ill of him, and certainly had no just grounds for any jealousy with reference to Lord Ulswater and beautiful Flora Hastings. He told himself angrily, that he was not jealous; but he wished this dreadfully handsome, dangerously well-spoken young patrician twelve thousand miles away in New Zealand, or twelve feet below the pavement of the chapel at St. Pagans, or anywhere, so that he were not bending his proud head before Flora Hastings, and looking with his dark-blue eyes into hers. And yet, what, in the name of common sense, had occurred to make the most petulant of betrothed suitors out of temper? A gentleman had called at a country-house, and the mistress of it having brought him to join a knot of croquet-players on the lawn, he had said a few words, as politeness required, to the young lady her daughter; that was all. There was absolutely nothing whereat to take umbrage. Othello himself would scarcely have objected to Lieutenant Cassio's paying that much attention to Madame Desdemona. But—

It was the miserable fate of this fortune's favorite to find a "but" always rankling in his secret soul. He declared that he was not angry with Lord Ulswater, but he confessed to his own heart that he was—not angry, of course—but vexed, with Flora. Why did her eyes fall timidly to the ground, for one fleeting instant, before the visitor's eyes? Why did she start, very slightly, but perceptibly, when first she caught sight of the tall figure at her mother's side? And why was there that tell-tale flutter, that sudden flush of dainty rose-pink in her cheek, pale till then, a flush that passed away as quickly as it came? And, above all, why was there that momentary hesitation in giving Lord Ulswater her hand? She had given her hand to him, William Morgan, her affianced husband, simply and readily enough, some half-hour ago—too simply, too readily, he thought, in the bitterness of his spirit; and there had been none of these flattering signs of emotion that the betrothed lover fancied he had detected in the greeting given to Lord Ulswater.

If this were so, had he not a right to be vexed, nay, to be more than vexed? Surely, he who was to be this girl's husband should be an object of greater interest in her eyes than any mere acquaintance, whatever his rank or his personal merits. It was gall and wormwood to him to dwell upon these things, and he began to comfort himself on account of his great need for comfort. After all, perhaps he was mistaken. Then he set to work to prove to himself the error into which he had fallen.

The case for the defence was plausible, and in accordance with the wishes of the judge self-appointed to try the fault or innocence of Flora. The start, and flush, and flutter, the fact that the girl had faltered as she extended her hand to Lord Ulswater, had been so very slight and brief, that no one less lynx-eyed than a jealous lover could have copied them. They might have been imaginary, or, at anyrate, the beholder might have exaggerated them for his own self-torment. Admitting that such marks of agitation had had any real existence, how harsh was it to blame one of the age of Miss Hastings for trifling tokens of an embarrassment which by no means implied a preference for the cause of it. The visitor was a man of note, a recent celebrity, whose fame was bruited by a flourish of political trumpets; just the sort of brilliant person that young ladies look up to with that tendency to hero-worship which sits so prettily upon their impressionable sex. Lord Ulswater had been quite unconscious, and so, evidently, had been shrewd, worldly Mrs. Hastings and the loungers around. A verdict of "Not guilty," or, at anyrate, of "Not proven," was returned in William Morgan's unseen court for the trial of his future wife.

In spite of this acquittal, the accepted suitor found himself narrowly watching the conduct of Miss Hastings and of Lord Ulswater during the remainder of the latter's somewhat protracted visit. But there really was nothing whereat the severest duenna of Spanish domestic life would have had a right to cavil. Lord Ulswater was pressed to stay for lunch, and he stayed. Finally, when the pony-carriages and the saddle-horses, and the big barouche for the non-riding or driving matrons of the party, came round to the door, and there was a dispersal of the guests towards two or three places of local interest, from the Marine Parade of Shellton-on-Sea to the ruins of Capel Castle, Lord Ulswater rode with one of the detachments just so far, and no further, as their roads lay together. It certainly was the case that Miss Hastings was one of this detachment, and Lord Ulswater as certainly rode at her side for some portion of the way; but he was, to all appearance, just as attentive to Miss Warburton or to Mrs. Heneage, as to the queen of the London season. Nothing occurred to confirm William Morgan's suspicions; suspicions which, as he somewhat ostentatiously told himself, he had laid at rest for ever. And yet, if the dandies and damsels among whom he cantered on that day could have read the real feelings of him whom they called behind his back by the half-envious nickname of Fortunatus Morgan, no one of them, not even Crashaw of the Blues, who was head over ears in debt, would have been willing to change places with the Croesus Cramblingham. This young man, outwardly so cold and unattractive, loved Flora Hastings so deeply and desperately, that the thought of losing her gave him exquisite pain. He scented the coming peril afar off, and knew, as by some instinct, not to be lulled to sleep, that the great sorrow of his life was at hand.

CHAPTER XII.

A LINK IN THE CHAIN.

Mr. Hackett, M. P., who was at that time the very efficient and experienced Treasury whip, to whose vigilance and firmness the Government owed many a victory in the lobby of the House of Commons, was by far too great a man, in a general way, to fetch and carry between ministers at their posts in London, and ministers legtied by gout at country-houses. And, no doubt, under ordinary circumstances, the premier would have sent his private secretary, or even have written by the post, to his absent colleague at Shellton. But Mr. Hackett was a personal friend to the Right Honorable Robert, and he had a considerable interest in the matter in question; so he took advantage of a blank day in Parliament, and came down to Shellton with a return-ticket.

"So you see, don't you, that Morgan has no time to lose," urged Mr. Hackett, after briefly explaining the reason of his flying-visit. "Seymour's a dead man; seizure came on at Wildbad: his doctor—he always travels with a doctor—telegraphed the news. Question of hours or days, but recovery impossible. Morgan ought to begin canvassing the county at once."

"Umph!" grunted the statesman, crumpling up a great official red-sealed letter, one of many that lay on the table, between his fingers. "Ah! confound it! there it is again. Pinches my left ankle, Hackett, as a crab might do. You can't form any idea of what it is; no one can."

It was one of the Right Honorable Robert's "bad" days. The gout was on the alert to maintain its empire. The fiend Podagra, ceasing to be a quiescent fiend, that contented itself with a spasmodic pinch at intervals, was briskly nipping its prey, and the minister's temper was none the better for the fact. Mr. Hackett's plastic countenance assumed a sympathetic expression. "I dare say not," he said very blandly. "Have you tried colchicum?"

"Have I tried fiddlesticks!" snapped Mr. Hastings, very rudely, it must be owned, but then there is no pleasing a man with the gout. If you suggest nothing for the sufferer's relief, it is obvious to his Podagra-ridden fancy that you do not care for his affliction; but if you do venture on advice, your advice is almost certain to be flung in your teeth. As for colchicum, that well-known and antique remedy was the Right Honorable Robert's sheet-anchor, though it often failed to soothe his pangs; but he resented the mention of it now as cordially as if Mr. Hackett had ventured on a playful adaptation of popular inquiry as to the minister's poor feet.

The suavity of the Treasury whip was unruffled. "Ah!" he said, "it suits some constitutions wonderfully well. Hendon and Pashleigh, and one or two more men of our time of life, swear by colchicum still. It may be abused, of course, but so may anything else."

This little speech mollified Mr. Hastings somewhat. Lord Hendon and Sir Edmund Pashleigh were his juniors, as he well knew, and certainly Mr. Hackett was a younger man by a good five years, and yet the four were calmly set down as contemporaries. Gentlemen of the years to which the Right Honorable Robert had attained are apt to be nearly as touchy and tenacious on the subject of their age as ladies of a similar standing; and there was an implied compliment in the visitor's words that produced a lenitive effect on the minister's nerves.

"I know one thing," said the master of Shellton, half apologetically, "and that is, that gout makes one into a bear—unfit to talk to any one but a good-tempered fellow like you, Hackett.—About Morgan, though, do you think there's any necessity for hurrying matters? If the agent—"

"No, no; nothing like a personal canvass: you have no idea how touchy they are down there," earnestly interrupted Mr. Hackett. "The Conflagratives have got half-a-dozen men fighting to be put up for such a chance as that, and lots of money ready; all the Bosworth interest against us too, remember; and there are dozens of country gentlemen who won't help us, for fear of offending the duke. Our only chance is for Morgan to take the field at once; and Sharples, the agent, is off already to arrange with the local fellows about public meetings, addresses, and the rest of it. I don't know what sort of a speaker our young friend may be—"

"And I'm sure I don't, but I should say an infernally bad one," interjected the future father-in-law of the young gentleman alluded to, sorely spurred by the red-hot fingers of his familiar fiend.

"But it does not signify in the least," coolly went on Mr. Hackett. "He can read, I presume; and whether his speech is in his hat or in his head, matters very little, so that he talks. He'll have to speechify at town-halls, agricultural banquets, mechanics' institutes, and so on. Then he must canvass, and subscribe to everything local—from the repairs of a church-tower to a thatcher's family of fourteen children—and Sharples will manage the rest."

Mr. Hastings meditated for a few moments, frowning at his own thoughts. "All this will take time, won't it? The young man may be kept at this work all the rest of the summer or so, it seems to me," said he dubiously.

The county which Fortunatus Morgan aspired to represent was at some distance from that in which Shellton was situated. Youths of vast wealth and great prospects coming into counties on such an errand, and backed by a powerful party, are pretty sure to be caressed, and feasted, and made much of by influential supporters, and may sometimes prove not insensible to the witchery of bright eyes that beam enthusiastically in honor of *their* triumph. Not impossibly, the Right Honorable Robert may have pondered over the risk of letting go so big a fish, meshed, indeed, in the net of matrimony, but not landed; and very probably Mr. Hackett, trained by long practice to read the worldlier thoughts of those with whom he came in contact, knew perfectly well what was passing through the statesman's mind.

"Now, Hastings," said the Ulysses of the Treasury, bending forward and speaking in a low, earnest tone, making use, too, of the familiarity of addressing the minister by his name, without any prefix, a freedom which he allowed himself only once or twice in an interview, on much the same principle which induces a grandee of Spain to put on his hat before royalty—"now, Hastings, we are old friends, and I want to be useful to you in this matter. We—I and my prime minister, you know—prefer young Morgan to any other man we could start for the county. He's one of those safe, slow young fellows that make the best steady-paced working members. In fifteen years, or in ten, I dare say he would get his peerage. We would make him a Royal Commissioner of all sorts of things; or even, if he likes to go into red tape harness, an Under-secretary. But if his leaving Shellton just now interferes with any family arrangements—"

Here the speaker hesitated, but his eyes completed the sentence. The Treasury whip had very expressive eyes, being a little, wiry, black-haired man, with the glance of a hawk. Mr. Hackett was, as his name implied, Irish, but until he grew excited, no one could ever have detected the Milesian rasiness in his voice. The Right Honorable Robert took a minute for reflection.

"No, no; I suppose he ought to go," said he reluctantly, but deliberately enough. "There is no actual time fixed for the wedding, and—I suppose Colonel Seymour will not consent to resign?"

Mr. Hackett shook his head.

"They cannot ask him," said he, with a glance at his watch, and another at the ornamental clock on the chimney-piece: "they dare not trouble him on any irritating topic.

Till the breath is out of his body—and he may linger long—the poor fellow is member for Oakshire."

"I see. Morgan must go. I'll have him in here and talk to him, and put the thing as you put it. And I must say, my dear Hackett, that you have done me a great kindness by coming down in person to explain matters, and to give me a chance of—of— By-the-by, you'll take some lunch, Hackett, if you won't stay to dinner?" said the master of the house, for already the guest was drawing on his gloves, and preparing to go. This, however, Mr. Hackett declined. At Shellton-on-Sea, he had had his biscuit and glass of sherry—so he said—and that was all he ever took in the middle of the day. His presence was too needful in London for him to dally with the precious hours at Shellton; he must go; and he did go.

Mr. Hackett's musings, as the up-train that bore him back to town flew threw the peaceful country, past sleepy hamlets, past ruins of gray old Norman keeps, and among brooks and wooded dells, were not exactly in tune with the soft harmony of rural life. "We want the cub, and we shall have him"—such were the thoughts that chased each other through his subtle brain. "He is one of those thundering rich fellows whom no one can call adventurers: he is not too clever—I hate your clever young M.P.—an edge-tool that cuts one's fingers—and then his borough influence is ours, so long as we keep the peerage dangling before him. But Hastings is wrong not to secure him for his daughter—just as if fifty mouths would not water for such a ripe golden plum as that!"

Meanwhile, the owner of Shellton manor-house sat scowling over his papers. He had a vague sense of having been out-generaled, somehow, by his political colleagues. Fortunatus Morgan he had come to look upon as his own property, a captive to his wife's bow and spear, and whose ransom was to be the wedding-ring destined to encircle the slender finger of Miss Hastings. It was somewhat provoking that the long-heads of the Treasury benches should have decided on putting forward his elect son-in-law as a candidate for this particular county, and doubly vexatious that the canvass should begin now, instead of at the eve of the dissolution. That would have given reasonable time for the conversion of Flora Hastings into Flora Morgan; but now to hurry on the wedding was out of the question. No day had been named; the tardy solicitors had not got beyond the first rough draft of instructions for the settlements; and wary Mrs. Hastings was averse to pressing her daughter on the subject of the marriage.

And yet, although the Right Honorable Robert was too sound a classical scholar to be unable to quote in its original Latin the line whose English translation tells of the frequency of slips between cup and lip, he could not own his fears. Hackett had shown his accustomed tact and friendliness; but behind Hackett was the premier, and the head of the cabinet was a man to be obeyed. There was no help for it.

Accordingly, a servant was sent to beg that Mr. Morgan would be so kind as to join his intending father-in-law in the latter's study, and after a very short interview it was arranged that the rich aspirant for the representation of Oakshire should start for that shire on the very next day.

"Are you going to-morrow?" said Flora, when he told her the news. "I am so sorry; but you must be sure to be back by the fourth of next month—the picnic—as they choose to call it—at St. Pagans. It is a promise, mind!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLACKCAP IS PAID OFF.

There was deep truth underlying that bold metaphor by which the heathen poets of old, Scandinavian and Goth no less than Greek and Roman, described the wondrous way in which the web of human destinies is woven on the Loom of Fate. We need not believe either in Valkyr or in Parcæ, in Lachesis or in Skogula, to feel the force of the grand myth, and the lesson which it imparts. Still, the mystic distaff whirls, heavy with flax fibres, still the threads when spun are woven into warp and woof by the fast-flying shuttle, and still the fabric grows, and the shears resound, and our lives are measured and meted till it comes to our turn for the touch of the resistless steel.

To the imagination of a modern, at least, the most remarkable feature of the arrangement is the immense variety of the sources whence are drawn the materials for the Great Web. Threads the most unlike, the furthest apart, are caught up, spun, and twined, and crossed, and knit up into the giant fabric. Existences that would seem to have nothing in common, yet prove, on a close inspection, to have been joined to one another by the viewless but unbroken chain of cause and effect. There lives no creature of whom we can say with truth, that with him or her we can by no possibility have to do, that by no indirect agency can he or she influence us for weal or woe. There are bonds and links between all human actions, and all human destinies.

At much the same hour at which William Morgan, Esquire, of Cramlingham and Stoneham, and many a fair Hall besides, alighted from the railway carriage upon the platform at Bridchester, that cathedral city of Oakshire where his canvassing was to begin, and where the obsequious Mr. Sharples was ready to receive his paymaster, a homeward-bound Australian clipper came to her moorings in the Thames. The steam-tug that had towed her from Gravesend, past the endless-seeming reaches of the river, with its flat shores, and green marsh-meadows, and Dutch-looking wind-mills, had gone puffing off, its task at an end. The ship lay at anchor in the Pool, amid a crowd of vessels, herself towering, with her tall spires, above the forest of masts surrounding her.

It was early in the afternoon as yet, for the daylight comes early and lingers long in July. William Morgan had left Shellton-on-Sea by the first quick train, while the very first rays of the rising sun had shone upon the turbid water frothing away from under the bows of the tall ship, and the splashing paddles of the pigmy steamer that was dragging her up-stream. There was plenty of light as yet, and the passengers and the crew, and the captain and mates too, not impossibly, were as eager to touch the hard firm earth as those who have sailed from the antipodes have a right to be. It was of no use to suggest to the landsmen that they had better spend another night quietly on board, so as to have a whole day before them when they should quit the vessel. It was of as little use to advise the forecastle Jacks to stay and earn extra pay by helping to unload the ship; the sailors were wild for the shore and their liberty, hungering and thirsting, too many of them, poor fellows, to spend their wages in a short week's folly and frenzy among the water-side publics and dancing-rooms. Every one was for the shore.

It was the passengers' turn first; and when they and their effects had gone off in boats, the crew, with their chests, and bags, and bundles, and many of the men carrying a cage of outlandish Australian birds, a cockatoo tied to a perch, or some other marketable pet from the other side of the world, came tumbling up, and went ashore too. The ship was left in charge of the second-mate, the apprentices, and one lame old mariner who had seen enough of the world and its vanities to prefer earning wages as a shipkeeper in port, to sowing hard-won money broadcast among the harpies that prey on sailors. But, according to articles, the voyage was over; the anchor was down; the men were free, and the captain was to meet them by appointment at the shipping-office, to pay them their due.

A curious scene it was, the door of that shipping-office around which the freshly landed seamen lounged, waiting their turn to be called in. Within, the merchant-captain, the clerks, and one of the partners in the firm that owned the ship, were busy with gold and silver, ink and papers, and ledgers and log-book, checking off the wages due. There was some little argument now and then between payer and payee, on account of stoppages for purser's clothes supplied on the voyage, or for advances made in Australia, but on the whole all went smoothly. The men took their money, accompanied in some cases—not all, by any means—by a kind word or two from their late commander, and went their way. It was outside the office, however, that the student of life would have seen something to interest him, rather than inside it, where the dull routine of business was carried on.

The *Blackcap* was a good ship; her skipper, Captain Bartletop, was a worthy man enough, strict but just; and the owners, Millidge Brothers, bore a high name in the trade. They neither stinted the ship's supply of boats and stores, of limejuice and provisions, nor deceived the steerage passengers by false promises of accommodation never to be afforded; nor kept their seamen waiting for their wages, and living meanwhile on the proceeds of tickets discounted by the greedy crimps. Their rule was to give fair wages for honest work, and their accounts were balanced as soon as the ship came into harbor.

The group, then, waiting at the door of the office had none of those sad characteristics that are too often to be seen at the water-side. There were no miserable wretches, too weak to stand, living skeletons, scurvy gnawed, bloodless, carried ashore like so many bales, to die in the *Dreadnought* hospital-ship. There was no starved and beaten apprentice to show his scars and hollow cheeks in a police-court, no black steward or Spanish sailor to scandalize the readers of newspapers by a tale of long-continued tortures and indignities carried on with devilish ingenuity under the hot tropic sun, such as sometimes sickens us. There was no sullen undercurrent of muttering among the men concerning some shipmate foully done to death in far-off seas, murdered, as it were, by inches, and whose blood cried for vengeance, not always successfully, to the dull ears of human justice.

A healthy, sunburned gang were the hands of the *Blackcap*, in their summer frock or jackets of duck or flannel, with cabbage-palm hats on their heads, or handkerchiefs knotted around their brown foreheads; but they were of all sorts and sizes, as the crews of our merchant marine usually are in these days. There were fine stalwart A. B.s, with large whiskers, open faces, and curly hair, the typical sailor, picturesque and superb, but these were few; the rest were foreigners, boys, landsmen, and "ordinary" seamen, the sweepings of a port under the Southern Cross. Naturally, around this group roved the parasites that lived upon the earnings of sailors, hungry for plunder—crimps, touts, and Jew-dealers in all commodities, keepers of boarding-houses, skittle-sharpers, and not a few bold-eyed women, clamorously intent on welcoming an old acquaintance to his native shores, and by no means disinclined to begin a sudden friendship with a new one. Offers of all sorts of civilities, from a glass of grog for luck, to an advantageous barter for preternaturally cheap watches and gold chains, came raining on the new-comers, and in many instances the land-sharps secured their victims.

Not in one case, however, and this was the more notable because the man I speak of was left nearly to the last awaiting his turn to be paid. A handsome, shapely young fellow of eight or nine and twenty, or thereabouts, not very tall, but with a figure that combined strength and activity in a remarkable degree. He had a clear, dark skin like that of a Spaniard; but his brown hair, curling naturally, was of the rich light shade almost peculiar to the British Isles, and the tune he was whistling was British too.

A salt-water dandy, evidently, was this young sailor, and one of those born artists in dandyism who can produce an effect with very indifferent materials. He wore the coarse slop-shop jacket and clean duck trowsers with a jaunty air that none of his shipmates could attain to; the red silk handkerchief around his neck was gracefully adjusted; the broad falling collar of his blue seaman's shirt was fastened at the throat by a brooch of pink coral; and the cabbage-palm hat rested lightly on his brown curls. There was a saucy smartness about the man, a brisk restlessness, too, which he evinced by his frequent change of posture, no less than by the quick, piercing glances which he threw around him at intervals. His was manifestly one of those enviable constitutions which possess a superabundance of vitality, and whose health and strength create a positive need for energetic employment of some sort. There he stood waiting, apparently careless of the curiosity which he excited among the interested throng of miscellaneous hangers-on upon seafaring men. Susan from Wapping, and likewise Sall, in vain claimed him as a friend of former times, under the hypothetical names of Jack and Tom. They might as well have ogled St. Senanus himself. So with the Jews, the touts, the crimps, the jovial, open-hearted skittle-sharpers, who hailed him as "shipmet," "noble captain," and so forth, and were anxious to drink with him, and to pay for the privilege. None of these blood-suckers could make anything of this stoic of the forecastle.

"Richard Peters, ordinary seaman—step this way!" Then, indeed, he started, and asking the two remaining men to "keep an eye on his traps," he went in after the clerk who had called him by name, and the office door closed upon him. There, within the counting-house, he found his captain, and young Mr. Millidge the owner, and three or four subordinates, awaiting him.

"Here, Peters, is your money. You have earned it well, which is more than I can say of some of our hard bargains. Cast your eye over the paper here, and see that all is right. Here is the advance-ticket for the slops you had served out to you—and here is the receipt you must sign—and here is the balance due."

Thus spoke Captain Bartletop, with a hearty voice and a kind look. Richard Peters made his bow of recognition for this civil greeting, and then picked up the paper, and glanced at its contents, while the others glanced at him. He had taken off his cabbage-palm hat on coming in, and they had a good view of his sunburned face.

A bold, pleasant face: broad, low brow, squarely cut; cheek-bones rather high; eyes of the darkest gray, very bright, but not large, and too restless perhaps; but then such a firm mouth, that contained a fine set of strong white teeth, and could smile agreeably enough. Large features, not regular, but fit to charm a woman's eye; and a very marked expression of audacious, but not ill-natured self-reliance. The face of a man very powerful for good or evil. And the form matched the face. The broad chest and the supple strength of the limbs were such as would have done credit to an athlete of old days. Even the muscular right hand, with its strong wrist stained blue by intricate tattooing of mermaids, anchors, and true lovers' knots, indelibly done in gunpowder, was a model of wiry force and deftness.

Mr. Millidge nudged the captain with his elbow, and as the sailor laid down the paper and took the pen to sign, Captain Bartletop spoke:

"All right, eh, Peters?"

"All right, sir," said the person addressed, as he wrote his name in bold, black characters—not a running-hand, however, but one in which the letters slope backwards.

"Not much coming to you, after all, considering what a good sailor you proved," remarked the skipper; "but that's your fault, my lad, not mine. Why did you ship as an ordinary seaman, when you might have signed articles as a prime A. B., and got able seaman's wages, Peters?"

The man looked up laughingly; one of those curious laughs it was which are impudent but yet not offensive.

"I was bashful, perhaps, sir. My hand was out, too, and for aught I knew, I might not have proved worth my salt. It was so long, you see, sir, since I had handled a rope, I half thought I should turn out a landlubber," said Mr. Richard Peters, respectfully easy of bearing.

"Yet you are brown as a berry, my man—hands well tanned, too. Been at the gold, I suppose, and not lucky?" asked the shipowner.

"Not very lucky, sir. Never was but once," was the quiet answer.

Then Captain Bartletop, after exchanging glances with his principal spoke out very kindly and at some length. What he wanted was, not to lose this sailor—to whom he frankly declared he had taken a great liking—altogether from the forecastle of the *Blackcap*, and the employ of Millidge Brothers. He roundly affirmed that he had never had a better hand on board his ship; that if Peters liked to ship for the next outward voyage, he should be rated as an able seaman of the first class; and if he conducted himself as he had hitherto done, would ask the owners' permission to make him third-mate.

"I don't want you to bind yourself in a moment," said the merchant-captain in conclusion: "have your run ashore, and your spree, if you are not too shrewd to fling away your money like the rest of our poor harebrained fellows, and come back in a month to sign articles here. You must have been respectably brought up, and ought not to lose a chance of bettering yourself in life. I speak for your good, my man."

The sailor hesitated, then he put the money in his pocket, and picked up his hat.

"Many thanks, sir," he said, "for a very kind offer: and if I go to sea again before the mast, I'd never ask a better captain or a better ship. But mayhap I may not go to sea—anyway, as a seaman. If I do sign articles for a long voyage, I promise to come here first, and ask if Captain Bartletop wants me. And now, gentlemen, with thanks for all kindness." He made a sweeping bow, an especial duck of his handsome curly head towards the captain, and in an instant he was gone. Shaking hands with his two remaining shipmates, he took up his effects, which were light to carry—he had no sea-chest, but only a bag and a bundle—and roughly pushing his way through the lingering touts and disreputable idlers, walked briskly off to a broader thoroughfare, where he found an empty cab, hailed it, entered it, bag, bundle, and all, and was driven off.

Captain Bartletop, rather crestfallen, remained to talk with Mr. Millidge.

"I'm disappointed, sir. I thought I had more influence with the man than that, Mr. James."

Young Mr. Millidge made answer to the captain.

"Never mind, Bartletop—never mind. As good fish in the sea, I should say, as ever came out of it. A fine fellow, too. I liked the looks of the obstinate young dog well enough."

Just then, quiet and unobtrusive as usual, dropped in a detective. He had heard of the *Blackcap's* safe arrival and rapid voyage. He came to wish his old acquaintance, Captain Bartletop, good luck, and—and to ask just a question or two. There was, he remarked, a rummish party expected home from Australia, a young married man, convicted at the Central Criminal Court, and whose sentence was not worked out, or nearly worked out. As a general rule, it was left to the Australian police to deal with such persons at the port of embarkation. But this was a peculiar case. There were great guns at the Colonial Office—and here the sergeant of detectives looked mysterious—who were anxious lest a particular transport should return from the southern hemisphere to the northern. It was almost a Government matter the order to prevent the escape of James Sark.

Very readily and very frankly, the shipowner and the captain of the clipper produced the papers of the *Blackcap*. There was the list of passengers. There, if it would do the sergeant any good to see it, was the list of the crew. There was no young married couple among the passengers, first-cabin, intermediate, or steerage, who, either on paper or by verbal description, realized the policeman's ideal portraiture of Mr. and Mrs. Sark. There was but one young woman—young women do not very often come back from Australia—one, a widow, young, dark, good-looking, melancholy, respectable—a Mrs. Walsh. No one else.

"We shan't trouble Mrs. Walsh!" said the good-natured detective, rubbing his stout, sleek hands together; "we're on the look-out for very different game, we are!"

But alas for human perspicacity! Before the officer employed by the Colonel Office—or, more correctly, since his services were never charged to the nation in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's little bill, by some one high in the Colonial Office—had left the counting-house, after accepting some modest spirituous refreshment, the cab that conveyed Richard Peters, ordinary seaman, had reached the corner of Cecil Street, Strand. There the sailor alighted, paid and discharged his cabman, and, on foot, made his way down that hospitable street, where every second window displayed its fly-blown card of lodgings, lodgings, always lodgings.

Slowly the man walked, carrying his bag and bundle, looking sharply around. Presently, from the narrow doorway of a house where the brass bell-pulls studded the door-post like studs in an ornamental casket, there emerged into sight a human face, the only face in that Sahara of lodging-houses—a beautiful face, worn and tired, but young, dark, fierce, handsome—the face of a dark-haired, bright-eyed, oval-face young woman, with a passionate, wild, tender look in the eyes that we do not often see in the eyes of women of our own race. She was pale, but her color rose, sudden and crimsony, as she saw the sailor.

"All right, Loyal?" asked the man, gently.

"All, right, dear Jem; we live here." That was the answer. She drew him in, greeting him as none but women can do—clinging to him, looking up in his face; and her eyes were proud, and fond, and eager all at once. The eyes of a loving woman are wonderfully eloquent. Hers told tales. There had been trouble, shame, pain, but it was over now. Surely, yes—surely the part that had been acted so painfully all through the weary voyage was over now. It had been a dull, sad dream of widowhood, but it was over now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Golden Hair.

Mr. Erasmus Wilson, in his new *Journal of Cutaneous Medicines and Diseases of the Skin*, is eloquent on the "Dangers of Dyeing the Hair." "Art," he tells us, "is progressive; a few years back, when the mania for altering the shade of color of the hair first broke out, ladies were content with washing their heads with an alkaline solution, soda or potash, until a considerable portion of the coloring matter was removed, and with it, of course, much of the freshness and silky beauty of the hair. This bleached hair, which approached artificial or dead hair in its qualities, was then polished with a little oil, and the process was complete. But chemistry has now enabled the artisans of hair to move a stage onwards; to add a dye in the place of the abstracted natural color, and to convert the head into a kind of colored mop. It comes to pass thus: the head is washed with an alkaline solution, and dried near the fire; this part of the process occupies an hour. The manipulator then brushes through the hair the dye, an acid solution of varying strength, and the exhausted and dry hair is made to absorb this fluid by the aid of hot tongs and hot plates of metal. This latter part of the process demands care and skill, and time also, it would appear; for our informant, the lady operated upon, reports that the whole proceeding occupied seven hours and a-half. But at last came the result, not the end, but the beginning of the end. When the lady rose from the operating chair, she was charmed by the vision of a pale gold *chevelure*, her natural color being a dark brown; and she went to her home in perfect delight. But in a very few hours the vision began to change, first to a bright orange yellow, and then to a deep yolk of egg yellow that was perfectly hideous. To correct this evil, another operation was to be gone through, another seven hours and a-half of tedious and painful manipulation; and this time, like the last, with a similar result,—first the golden sheen of the rising sun; but, as evening advanced, a deep saffron and red tint, like the setting sun portending a coming storm; or, rather, like the elfin locks of the demons of a pantomime. The lady's disappointment and vexation may be more easily imagined than described; she was advised that nothing more could be done; that, if she disapproved of her present appearance, her head must be shaved; and she submitted to the necessity and to the consequent annoyance of wearing a wig. The proceeding we are now discussing is called the 'instantaneous' process, and we have styled it an operation, having in our mind a surgical undertaking; the suffering was so severe, says our informant, that she was obliged to scream with pain, the burning was so intense that she walked about the room in a frantic state; and sal volatile was administered to keep up her strength. More than a week after this grave operation she came to us to be relieved of inflammation of the scalp, and the effects of a superficial gangrenous burn. She complained of a feeling of lethargy, and feared that some poisonous matter might have been absorbed through the scalp into the system; and it was clear that her nervous system had undergone a serious shock, and that she had escaped by a very narrow margin from an attack of deranged function of the liver verging on jaundice. On the sixteenth day after the operation the gangrenous burn remained unhealed."

Fools as Rulers.

Fools may be useful as ballast, but very inconvenient when their weight is placed in more exalted positions. In fact there is a good deal of reason for holding that brains are more important than virtue in high positions. In private life it is probably true, according to sundry respectable aphorisms, that virtue on the whole is a good thing even in this life; but virtue, when it takes the common form of wrong-headed conscientiousness, is a highly objectionable peculiarity in rulers. A man of first-rate ability generally does more good than harm as a ruler, because it is obviously his interest to make things work well, and to get rid of obsolete machinery. Even when his personal motives are bad, a Cæsar or a Napoleon has a sincere respect for facts, and a tendency to demolish fictions; whereas a ruler with a strong conscience and an inferior brain is the most likely of all men to justify a revolution. Hence the use of fools has very defined limits, and we need never be afraid that the supply will not be quite equal to the demand.

TO WASH COLORED MUSLINS.—A large handful of bran, added to the water in which muslins are washed, will assist in fastening their colors. It renders the water soft, and the addition of soda is not necessary.

MARGUERITE.

An Elegy.

Pale golden hair,
Waving as the billowy sea,
Wreathing, like the ivy free,
Her brow so fair.

Deep, thoughtful eyes,
Seeming, through their lashes bright,
Jewels set in golden light,
Dropped from the skies.

A voice so clear—
Like the tinkling of vesper bells
Coming soft through mossy dells,
Gladdening the ear.

A smile most sweet—
Beaming like the sun's bright ray
Stealing through some cloister gray,
Had Marguerite.

Ah, she is gone!
Like violet faded in the sun,
Her life is spent, her course is run—
Sweet Marguerite!

Terrible Military Inventions.

The Progress, of Lyons, publishes a letter from a chemist of Marseilles, who suggests a mode of opposing the needle guns by a Greek fire he has invented. He says:

To give an idea of the efficacy of my discovery, I declare, and am ready to prove, that I can, at a distance of 1,000 metres, envelope an army of 100,000 men in a sea of flame within less than five minutes. If a town has to be taken by assault I have no need of a Rotopschine, as I can set it on fire in very nearly the same period. In a naval battle I would run into the enemy, and in fifteen seconds cover all the deck of the vessel with a torrent of flame which would burn the rigging, penetrate between the decks, and instantaneously stifle all the crew. In an attack on a seaport, I could burn the town and arsenals within range with the rapidity of lightning. With such means no war is possible, as neither victors nor vanquished would return from the field of battle. As to the Fortress of Luxemburg, the subject of dispute at the present moment, I undertake to rid it of its garrison in a quarter of an hour.

The Progress adds that if there is no exaggeration in the above description, such an invention would certainly put an end to all war.

The gun which the French are making such a noise about is said to be terrible in its effects. Herr Struve, a well-known German Republican, states that it was offered to him seventeen years ago, but he had no money to purchase it. He saw it in operation in London (?) in 1849, when a 2-pounder discharged 300 balls in a minute, while another, a 12-pounder, threw from 50 to 60. Ignition is caused by means of a tourniquet, very much like the handle of a coffee-mill, set in motion either by hand or by steam. There is neither rebound nor report, nor even smoke. The barrel not becoming heated, the machinery may be in full activity for hours, spitting balls with a continuity similar to that of the water issuing from the hose of a fire-engine.

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Coffee and Wine.

At a *seance* of the French Academy of Sciences, held on the 2d of April, was read a curious paper upon the moral influence of different kinds of food. The writer related in detail a double series of experiments that he performed upon himself with the two capital articles, coffee and wine. He prepared himself for each series by a fast of about forty hours, during which he ate nothing but a few globules of gum, in order that the stomach might be entirely empty at the moment of commencing. Then he eat nothing but coffee and bread, or wine and bread, for several days, and carefully noted his mental sensations. I quote his own words:—

"If I swallowed a certain quantity of strong coffee slowly I felt a singular change take place in my nature. I seemed almost instantaneously transformed into another man; all feeling extinguished itself in my breast, and at the same moment my intellect developed an unaccustomed activity; it seemed as if all my faculties had transformed themselves into intelligence. I ceased to be communicative and kindly; I became cold, cross and selfish, in a word, my whole character assumed an aspect exactly the reverse of what it had hitherto been. My intellect labored without the slightest fatigue, and almost in spite of myself; upon any given subject it penetrated profoundly and drew almost infinite consequences. If I wrote, my style was correct but cold. If I remained a long time in this condition my intellect ceased its activity of production, but, like my body, it remained constantly agitated. I could not sleep, or, at least, could never completely lose my consciousness. In a word, I was entirely reduced to motion and intelligence. It is worthy of note that my pulse was both slow and feeble throughout the experiment. If now I drank some wine everything changed; calm returned, followed by generous sentiments. I felt myself become again kindly and sympathetic. I ceased, as by magic, to be cross and egotistical. If the experiment was made from the beginning with wine and bread, instead of coffee and bread, these phenomena were exaggerated; the mind was dulled to such a point as to be embarrassed by the slightest effort; the character became extraordinarily sensitive. I dreaded to offend any one by the slightest thing; whereas under the influence of the coffee, the feelings or opinions of the world were completely indifferent to me. In the meantime this vinous sensibility is not necessarily benevolent. If the person happens to fall under the influence of a malevolent feeling, that is equally intensified. Finally, I became heavy, sleepy, inclined for repose; the intellect ceased to act; sensibility alone remained."

The author of the memoir observes, in conclusion, that coffee and wine may be taken as the types of two great classes of food, of which one acts on the intellect and nerves of motion, the other on the sensibility and nerves of sensation; that a majority of articles used as food occupy a middle place between two extremes.

☞ The following is a school-boy's composition, printed as written:—

OX.

Oxen is a vary slow animil they are good to brake ground up I wood drather have horses if they didn't have kollick, which they say is wind collected in a bunch, which makes it dangerser for to keep horses than an ox if thare was no horses the people wood have to wheal thare wood on a wheatharow it wood take them to or three days to wheal a cord a mile. Cows is useful to I have herd som say that if they had to be tother or an ox they wood be a cow. But I think when it cum to have their tits pulled of a cold morning they wood wish they wasnt, for oxen don't generally have to raise caves if I had to be anny I wood drather be a heifer. But if I cooden't be a heffur and had to be both I wood be an ox. ISAAC SPIKER.

☞ Perhaps not the most devout minister can remember in the space of ten minutes, one single item that is treated of in the twenty-second chapter of St. John's gospel.

☞ An English periodical has invented the word "statal," to designate all things relating to a State, in the same way that "national" characterize those of a nation, and "municipal" those of a city.

☞ A woman in Wilton, Me., is seven feet high, and weighs 350 lbs.

☞ Patti's benefit in Paris brought her 19,000 francs, 75 bouquets of all sizes, and 18 crowns.

☞ Widow-*lady* and widow-*woman* are frequently encountered in conversation and in print. But whether either of them has yet been encountered by a widower *gentleman*, or a widower *man*, remains to be discovered.

☞ Some workmen employed in the construction of a house in the Rue Turbige, Paris, found on the 23rd ult. a man hanging to a beam. In a pocket of his coat was a written paper to the following effect: "I have lived thirty-eight years entirely unknown in the world; my life has always been for me a problem, the solution of which disquiets me; I am going to try and solve it in another world, which is just as unknown to me as the one I quit, but where I shall find, as I have been told, what I have vainly sought for in this—the realization of my dreams."

☞ A watch has been manufactured in Paris which is wound up by simply opening the case to note the time. It only requires to be opened once a month to keep it always going, and it is perhaps the nearest approach to perpetual motion yet invented.

☞ The Young Men's Christian Association at Chicago, Illinois, furnishes funds to pay postage on all letters that are dropped into the Post Office without stamps, through carelessness or otherwise, and thus prevents their being sent to the Dead Letter office. A printed slip is affixed to each letter informing the recipient how the postage was paid, and inviting him to contribute to the Association, and sometimes the response is quite generous.

☞ An invention has been patented in England under the name of the "gas fire-igniter," intended as a substitute for wood and paper in lighting fires. A row of three gas burners is fitted on below and behind the grate-bottom, with a tap at one side, so that when a fire is wanted the gas is lit, and the flames passing among the coals set fire to them without the aid of wood or paper.

☞ M. Janin tells in the Debats, that the first attempt at a universal exhibition was made under *Nero*, more than eighteen centuries ago, and which is thus alluded to by Seneca, in one of his letters:—"I was present the other day at the solemn exhibition of the riches of Rome, where I saw marvellous chefs d'œuvre; the most exquisite cloths, hangings and costumes, which had come from even beyond the limits of the Roman frontiers, &c."

A Spectacle in the Streets of London.

An extraordinary sight, says a correspondent, was witnessed in the principal London streets recently. Rather more than a thousand of the most miserable wretches that ever wore the garb of humanity formed a procession and marched in silence from the neighborhood of Wapping and Whitechapel to the aristocratic quarters of St. James's and Belgravia. There was no disturbance or excess of any kind. Every man was in rags, and every form and face bore the unmistakable marks of privation and distress. A banner or two contained inscriptions indicative of their character and their wants, and a few carried money-boxes to receive any donations that might be bestowed upon them. Why, I know not, but it was not deemed worth while to prevent this demonstration on the part of the authorities, but the sight was one that did not tend to add greatly to an Englishman's pride. These men, it is well known, were only the representatives of a body forty times their number, for it has been ascertained that there are no less than forty thousand in the Eastern suburbs of London, not only out of employment, but reduced to the extreme of destitution, and dependent on daily charity for their morsel of bread, or cup of soup, that keeps the flame of life alight within their emaciated bodies. It is a frightful thing to contemplate, and what is to be the end of this state of things Heaven only knows.

THEATRICAL STATISTICS.—The following figures as to the capacity of some of the great theatres of Europe may be of interest. The Della Scala of Milan accommodates 4,000 spectators, has six tiers of boxes (they are called "boxes" in Europe up to the last tier, which is the "gallery.") Its stage is 150 feet deep. The San Carlo of Naples, seats 3,500; the San Carlo Felice in Genoa, 3,000; the Fenice in Venice, 2,700; Theatre Peale in Turin, 2,000. The Imperial Opera House of Vienna, seats 3,100, and is, therefore, the third largest in Europe. The older theatres have, throughout, five tiers of galleries, the more modern only four.

SHARP PRACTICE.—A bit of sharp practice has been going on not a thousand miles from Utica. A man contracted to purchase a farm. The "forfeit" was five hundred dollars. A few weeks subsequent to this transaction, a third party came and offered the original owner an advance of fifteen hundred dollars for the farm. The seller "backed water" and paid the forfeit, when purchaser No. 2 "didn't want to buy." As the man who received the forfeit money has made two or three thousand dollars in that way within a short time, it is entirely safe to conclude that the ways to make money are as numerous as holes in a skimmer.

☞ An aunty-quated Ethiopian dame once sapiently remarked "I'se heern a heap ob talk 'bout gibbin all we darkeys a Bureau, but bless your soul, honey, I ain't seed eben a washetan' pit."

☞ Irwin Davis, formerly waiter in a Springfield (Illinois) hotel, is now a San Francisco millionaire, enjoying an income from a single silver mining company of $50 to $60,000 a month.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been dull. Sales comprise about 7000 bbls at $9@10,25 for superfine, $10,50@11,25 for extra, $12,50@13 for low grade northwest family, $13,50@14,75 for good to fancy do, $13@15 for Penna and Ohio family, $16@17 for California, and $16,50@17,50 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—100 bbls sold at $8,50@8,75, and small lots at $9 ℔ bbl. Penna Corn Meal sells at $5,50. Brandywine Meal sold at $6,25@6,50 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat; 3000 bus Penna red sold at $3@3,10 for common, and $3,20@3,30 for good to prime; 1000 bus of prime Southern do at $3,35; 3000 bus of California at $3 60, and small lots of Penna and Southern white at $3,55@3 60 ℔ bus, according to quality. Rye—Small sales of Southern are reported at $1,70, 2000 bus Canada at $1,73, and 1200 bus Penna, in lots, at $1,75 ℔ bus. Corn—110,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1,20@1,26. Oats—20,000 bus Penna sold at 77@78c, and 3000 bus Western at 75c.

COTTON—The market has been more active. About 1000 bales of middlings sold at from 27@28c for uplands, and 28@29c ℔ lb for New Orleans.

PROVISIONS continue dull; small sales are making at from $23,50@24 ℔ bbl for new Mess Pork; 15@17c ℔ lb for plain and fancy bagged bacon Hams; 13¼@14c for pickled do; 8¼@9c for salt Shoulders, and 13¼c ℔ lb for prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western, and $22,50@24,50 ℔ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Butter; small sales are making at 14@28c for roll, and 10@16c ℔ lb for solids packed. Cheese is selling at 12@17c ℔ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 17@19c ℔ dozen.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing. We quote No 1 Anthracite at $41@42 ℔ ton; No 2 at $37@40, and Lehigh Crane at $38 ℔ ton. Scotch Pig is quoted at $41@42.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are dull. Sales of Southern are recorded at 7@7¼c, and Western at 7¼@8c. Dried Peaches range at 13@14c for halves, 11@12c for quarters, and 25@35c for pared.

SEEDS—Cloverseed, we quote prime at $8@8,25 ℔ 64 lbs. Timothy sells at $3,25@3,50, and Flaxseed at $3,10 ℔ bus.

☞ In Bark, Beeswax, Coal, Feathers, Hops, Spirits, Tallow, Wool, &c., no change.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1150 head. The prices realized from 12@19 cts ℔ lb. 250 Cows brought from $35 to 70 ℔ head. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 7¼@8¼c ℔ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10@11,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

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MR. ALBERT D. RICHARDSON'S

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OUR NEW STATES AND TERRITORIES.

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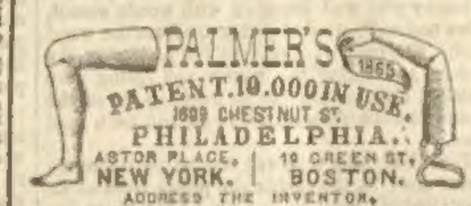
my4-3m HENRY BILL, Norwich, Conn.



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The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
feb2-6m Philadelphia.

$20.00 AGENTS WANTED—$100.00.—Male and female, to introduce our NEW PATENT, STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. It is adapted for family use and Tailoring. It makes a stitch alike on both sides. Price only TWENTY DOLLARS. Extraordinary inducements to Agents. For full particulars, address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio my25-3m

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED, Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG, 297 Bowery, New York City. my18-4t

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THE

GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

(Established, 1861)

Is endorsed by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, Orange Judd, Editor.
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, New York City, Daniel Curry, D. D., Editor.
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D. D., Editor.
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D. D., Editor.
EVANGELIST, New York City, Dr. M. M. Field and J. O. Craighead, Editors.
EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE, New York City, Edward Bright, Editor.
CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, E. S. Porter, D. D., Editor.
INDEPENDENT, New York City, Wm. C. Bowen, Publisher.
TRIBUNE, New York City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guaranty of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club lists in former editions of the leading papers of the country.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE GREATLY REDUCED.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell from in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 75c., (Oc., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (Green & Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Coffee Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c. 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.
No. 640 BROADWAY, corner Bleecker street.
No. 461 EIGHTH AVE., north corner 36th street.
No. 290 SPRING STREET.
No. 255 FULTON ST., Brooklyn, corner Concord st.
No. 103 GRAND STREET, Williamsburg.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "*collect on delivery.*"

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs, can have each party's name marked on their package and directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collection delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $20.

CLUB ORDER.

Pittston, Pa., Feb. 25, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please find enclosed my second club order, amounting to $68 70, which you will fill, and send to my address by Express, to be collected on delivery. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. The first order gave good satisfaction, I hope this will do the same, as these are nearly all new names. GIDEON CADMAN.

1 lb.	Oolong	J. Arrow	at	$1 00	$1 00
1	"	S. Williams	at	1 00	1 00
1	"	J. Garrity	at	1 00	1 00
1	"	J. Allen	at	1 00	1 00
1	English Breakfast	"	at	1 25	1 25
4	Uncolored Japan	J. Frederick	at	1 25	5 00
4	"	A. McMillin	at	1 25	5 00
2	"	J. Monaghan	at	1 25	2 50
1	Imperial	J. Turnbull	at	1 25	1 25
2	Oolong	"	at	1 00	2 00
5	"	T. Williams	at	1 00	5 00
1	Gunpowder	A. Kalstead	at	1 50	1 50
2	Oolong	P. Cummings	at	1 00	2 00
1	Imperial	"	at	1 00	1 00
1	Oolong	J. Routledge	at	1 00	1 00
2	Mixed	M. Quinn	at	1 00	2 00

and 20 others, making $68 70.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to us.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus or imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name. The numbers of our House are advertised above.

TAKE NOTICE.—Clubs and quantity buyers are only furnished from our Wholesale and Club Department.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.

NEW YORK.

Post office Box, 5643 New York City. ap27-tf

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address

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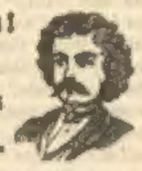
Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, my18-3m Parkman, Ohio.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT APRIL 29th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, also at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8 00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1 00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5 30	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7.30	"
ERIE MAIL	7 30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11 00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	11.30	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Cincinnati Express leaves daily, except Sunday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.00	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	6.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.50	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

Philadelphia Express and Fast Line arrive daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to ap7-tf FRANCIS FUNK, No. 137 Dock Street.

500 AGENTS WANTED in a new business. mar9-3m H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, single copies, free of charge, may be had of the author.

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y.
Book Agents wanted. mh30-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE LOVE OF GOLD:
A Story of Fashionable Crime.

CHAPTER I.—The Evil Counsellor.

It was in an evil moment that she listened to his suggestions. Alas! she was scarcely mistress of her actions when his evil counsels prevailed.

She sat alone in her quiet boudoir. Her hands were clasped in agony as she walked to and fro, murmuring to herself—

"Gold! gold! Oh, yes, it must be gold!"

The next day she left her home.

CHAPTER II.—A Picture of Home.

They had been very, very happy, she and her Algernon, the husband of her choice. Three darling children had blessed their union, and they had a villa at Bayswater.

Every night when he returned from the Money Market he drew her toward him, and she leaned on his shoulder until her raven tresses mingled with the tawny beard that flowed over his manly bosom and the intervening white waistcoat.

But that might never, never be again.

CHAPTER III.—A Sad Change.

She flew homeward with a guilty conscience. The domestic who opened the door started, uttering a smothered "Oh my!" She heeded not. She flew up stairs to the nursery, and clasped her children to her palpitating bosom.

The little creatures struggled to get away from her. The baby went into convulsions. They did not recognize their mother. Wringing her hands wildly she fled down stairs. Algernon had just returned. She met him in the passage, trembling, half fainting. He looked at her coldly, and passed on.

She tumbled down flat on the door-mat!

Alas! her evil counsellor, the hair-dresser, had prevailed on her to have her hair bleached to the fashionable yellow, and not even her own family could recognize her!

"Call Me George."

Ben W. served in the Revolutionary War, and had been in the habit of repeating his *long and tough yarns* so often that at last he really believed them himself. Ben would give a personal anecdote about every battle of the war, in which he himself always, of course, figured as the *hero*. On being asked if he was in the batt'e of Monmouth, he replied, "I guess I was. I had my right-hand pocket full of powder, my left-hand pocket full of bullets, and I had father's double-barreled ducking-gun, seven foot long, sir! seven foot long! I put in a handful of powder and a handful of bullets, and every time I let her off I knocked down the British, sir, *fifty at a time!* Gen. Washington rode up to me and said, '*Ben, do stop! you're doing 'em too bad!*' I touched my hat to the General and said, 'Well, General, if you say so, I'll cease firing; but I think I ought to kill a few more of the scoundrels.' With that, the General sprung from his horse, and throwing his arms around me, exclaimed, '*Ben, don't call me General—call me George!*'"

Demise of a Mummy.

An honest footman, anxious to explore the wonders of a one-horse museum, obtained a special holiday a short time since. Accordingly, taking with him a couple of lady friends, he presented himself at the door for admission.

"No admittance to-day, sir," said the keeper.

"No admittance to-day! but I must come in—I have a holiday on purpose!"

"No matter, this is a close day, and the museum is shut."

"What," said John, "ain't this public property?"

"Certainly it is."

"Well, then, I will go in."

A ticket seller who overheard the dialogue, guessing his customer's calibre, stepped forward, saying politely—

"I am very sorry, sir, but there's a funeral to-day. One of the mummies died two days ago, and we're going to bury him!"

"O, ah! very well; in that case we certainly won't intrude," said John, retiring with all possible decorum.

Phonetic.

A friend of ours has a doctor, of the "root and herb" order, in whom he has great confidence, although the medico is rather illiterate. The other day his son, having a bad cold, got a written prescription from the physician, which the father brought to us. It ran as follows:

"Putcher feet in hot wotter, gotobed and drink a pint of loot."

"I can make out the first part well enough," he said. "Put your feet in hot water, go to bed, and drink a pint—that is plain enough. But what is loot?"

We were embarrassed at first, but a happy inspiration struck us. L—oo—t—ell—double o—too—elder-blow tea. And that turned out to be the explanation.

Printer's Errors.—A lad in a printing office, who knew more about type-setting than he did of the Greek mythology, in looking over a poem they were printing, came upon the name of *Hecate*, one of the lady divinities of the lower world, occurring in a line like this: "She shall reign *Hecate* of the deepest Hell." The boy, thinking he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer, and inquired eagerly whether there was an E in cat. "Why, no, you blockhead," was the reply. Away went the boy to the press-room and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher when the poem appeared with the line: "She shall reign the Ha Cat of the deepest Hell."

Levity.—Punch illustrates "unbecoming levity" by presenting a wood cut of the scene in a church wherein a crowd of spectators are awaiting the arrival of a wedding party. To the scene is appended this dialogue by way of a glossary:—*Fair Young Lady*—"I see some one in the crowd outside waving a handkerchief. I suppose the bride is approaching." *Light Young Man*—"Handkerchief? White one? By Jove, perhaps it's a reprieve!"

☞ A lady complained of the insolence of some coal-heavers. "To tell you the truth, madam," answered the employer, apologetically, "we have failed in our efforts to get gentlemen to undertake the business."

Little Rustic (after a "game" struggle, evidently overweighted).—"Oh, please, help us along 'ith this linen up to mother's—"

Amiable Swell (aghast).—"Eh! oh, ridiculous—how can I?—Look here, I've got a bag—heavy bag—to carry myself—"

Little Rustic.—"I'll carry your bag, sir."

Swell.—"Eh—but (to gain time) wh—what's your mother's absurd name?"

[This did not help him much. There was no escape; and ultimately——but we draw a veil over the humiliating sequel.

HEART'S-EASE.

A simple flower for such a magic name.
The leaves of royal purple, matched with yellow;
Yielding no perfume, humbled, hardy, wild,
Yet with a fame not Amaranth can fellow.

No opiate sleep is treasured in its stem,
No precious balsam with enchanted powers;
It bears no scent of Eden in its buds,
Nor gathers hues from rainbow colored showers,

It lends no brighter glory to the spring;
It casts no solace o'er the winter-snow;
But all unheeded 'mid the stateller growths,
Its triple blossoms innocently grow.

That gives it value, which its name implies.
Dives would pour his gold in streaming floods
To buy a leaflet; and one-half the world
Would life-long search for it through fields and woods.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Frost and Fruit.

Probably the greater portion of the peaches in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland have again been destroyed. On the night of Friday, May 3d, a severe frost, extending over a large portion of the territory named occurred, not only covering all exposed surfaces with its white mantle, but in many localities forming ice the thickness of ordinary window glass. This single visitation would have been of itself sufficient to insure the death of peaches generally; but to make sure and speedy the destruction, two more frosts followed, not nearly so severe as the first one, but singularly occurring in a good many places where it did not, thus making the ruin of the peach crop general.

But it is not peaches alone that have suffered from these untimely sharp frost bites. Setting out on the sixth inst. on a tour of observation and investigation, continuing our "cruise" during eight consecutive days, mostly through the fruit districts of South and West Jersey and Delaware, we found personally very many instances in which all early "truck" not absolutely frost proof was utterly ruined. A great deal of early corn, potatoes, cucumbers, &c., has been entirely cut off by the three May frosts.

On the grounds of Thomas Richards, Esq., at Atco, Camden county, N. J., eighteen miles southeast from Philadelphia, the soil being a rich, warm, sandy loam, with full exposure to the sun, we saw corn, potatoes and early vines cut down to the ground, as if scorched by fire. There was a long line of what had been unusually forward cucumber vines, every plant of which was killed, notwithstanding the precaution had been taken to protect by covering them with empty flour barrels.

On trees growing near considerable streams of water, and those in close proximity to the shores of the great bays and their estuaries, the peaches have been but little injured, while in all instances where the trees are from one to two miles removed from the protecting influence of a considerable body of water, the destruction has been general. Our other large fruits, as apples, pears and plums, coming later into bloom, have escaped injury. So have the cherries and all the small fruits which were just beginning to come into bloom at the date of the first killing frost. All these, and especially strawberries, promise to be an unusually abundant crop.

As peaches are so universally popular, and of late years have been made so precarious a crop by the occurrence of late spring frosts, something better than the present peach tree practice must be resorted to in order to maintain a needful supply; and as we cannot control the weather, our attention must be directed towards controlling the blooming and bearing seasons of the trees themselves. Can this be done? We believe so—at least so far as to insure a fair crop of fruit every year, in spite of spring frosts. A specimen of peach practice in which we participated a good many years ago may be adduced in evidence.

An intelligent farmer, a sort of foster father, with whom we used to make an occasional home in the interior of the State of New York, had some twenty trees that bore regularly every year about a medium crop of large, fair and unusually fine flavored peaches, of five or six different varieties, but all natives. After they had been thus in regular bearing for six or seven years, there came a period of late spring frosts, and for three consecutive seasons there were probably not as many peaches each year as there were trees. One day in the fall, after the third failure, Uncle Ben said:

"Dick, I want you to assist us three or four days."

"Very well, uncle. Here I am, at your service. But what's to be done?"

"Why, boy, I am going to have peaches again next year from these barren trees."

"Think you can do it, Uncle Ben?"

"Yes, I *think* so; and I *know* I'll either do that, or kill the trees in the attempt."

So we set to work, Uncle Ben, two hired men, a pair of strong oxen, a plough, and the "boy," and in three days' time there was a bit of ground sloping to the southeast drained four feet deep, the drains twenty feet apart, filled in with loose stone a foot at the bottom, then up level with soil, and between the drains the peach trees, removed from their scattered stations, were planted in roomy pits well supplied with woods mould, ashes and well rotted chip manure from the wood yard. The trees were set fully *two feet* below the surface, and during the winter and spring were mulched eight or ten inches deep, so far as the roots extended, with refuse straw and barn yard litter.

The winter that followed was an uncommonly severe one; in the spring the peach trees of all the neighbors were in full bloom ten or twelve days before a blossom bud had opened on one of our transplanted trees—the roots were down so deep under all that mulching and covering of soil, that the sun had not so soon warmed them into sap circulating energy. Two or three sharp frosts destroyed all the peaches in the neighborhood, but our trees came out in due time in profuse bloom, and bore that season a larger crop of fruit than they had ever done, ripening very nearly as early as had been their habit before they were transplanted.

So we all argued that Uncle Ben's philosophy was sound and his practice of transplanting as a protection from spring frosts correct. Several of the neighbors pursued his plan with their peach trees the following fall, and secured good crops of fine peaches in spite of spring frosts. But there were no progressive pomological societies or popular agricultural journals to report to in those days, and gradually it grew into an old story, seldom mentioned even in the immediate neighborhood, while at twenty miles distant it was probably never heard of at all; whereas, if such an experiment were to be made now, whether successful or not, the news of it, with all attending circumstances, would be sent broadcast over every furlong of fruit territory in the United States in less than three months.

As the period of danger from late frosts is limited to a few days that follow the full blooming of the peach tree, it is probable that by keeping them back from ten days to two weeks by deep planting, thorough under draining and winter mulching, and then by putting out more peach orchards in the near neighborhood of considerable bodies of water, we should render the peach tree more hardy and vigorous, prolong its period of bearing, and secure every year good crops of this delicious fruit, in spite of the antics of Arctic Jack.

Frost-Bitten Plants.

It is a mistake that very many farmers and gardeners make, who when discovering plants nipped by the frost and not absolutely cut down to the ground, are too apt to take comfort to themselves and say: "Well, it don't seem to be quite killed. I guess it will grow."

"Yes, it *may* grow, notwithstanding the nip. But it will be a growth neither normal, healthful or profitable—a sort of feeble, consumptive existence and early death, producing inferior seeds and fruit. Plants suffering from severe frost bites are much like humanity similarly afflicted—very apt to remain ailing through life. Some of the cultivated plants, as the potato and corn, if nipped by frost very early, just as they are peeping above ground, before they have developed foliage, may, if planted in warm, well manured soil, survive and outgrow the shock; but if either have got three inches above ground and unfolded their first leaves, and are then bitten by frost so that they turn red or black, their condition may be considered hopeless, and it is better to replant even as late as the tenth of June than to leave plants frost-bitten the fifteenth of May with the hope of their coming to profitable account. No dependence should ever be placed upon tomatoes, egg plants, peppers, cucumbers, or any of the field or garden vines in the least touched by frost. Replanting is the only reliable remedy.

Top Dressing.

We are not going to take sides either way in the discussion that just now promises to be interminable upon the merits of surface manuring, "top dressing," as it is popularly termed, as a universal principle. But we respectfully submit to practical farmers our opinion that in frequent instances top dressing, with special fertilizers, is of vital importance. For instance, in meadows which have been mown for several consecutive years, the sod becomes close, and the roots of the grass plants crowded, compressed and deprived of half their vitality. Scarify the surface with a harrow, or some implement of the same principle of action, in the spring, and top dress with wood ashes, plaster and some reliable phosphate in equal parts, say four hundred pounds to the acre. For corn, beans, sorghum, turnips, cabbages, and almost all garden vegetables, especially cucumbers, squashes and melons, a top dressing of wood ashes, fine bone dust and pulverized chicken guano, composted in equal parts and applied, say twice during the early stages of growth, will be of more than twice the practical utility that double the quantity would be scattered broadcast over the entire surface before planting and ploughed in. An average quantity of such a compost, taking all soils and plants, should probably be about a tablespoonful to each plant.

Gathered Grains.

——Buffalonians are paying thirty cents per pound for best butter, and sixteen cents per dozen for new laid eggs. Philadelphians 75 cents for grass butter, and 30 cents for chickens in the shell.

——Much damage done to the low lands along the Delaware, Schuylkill and Susquehanna by the late freshets from May 7th to 12th.

——There will be more white potatoes planted in Pennsylvania this year than ever before—in New Jersey, nearly twice as many sweet potatoes. The quantity of crop to be decided by the season.

——Iowa has more undeveloped agricultural resources than any other State of equal area in the Union, and more agricultural enterprise to develope them.

——In three years from date, Vineland, in West Jersey, will produce more and better fruit than any other ten miles of territory in America. Vinelanders have the requisite soil, climate, enterprise and means to fulfill this prophecy.

——On the gulf side of Florida one may have first-rate beef for seven cents per pound, fine sweet potatoes for thirty cents a bushel, green peas for ten cents a peck, huckleberries two cents a quart, and good fish—a wheelbarrow load for the hooking.

RECEIPTS.

Quarter of Lamb Roasted and Larded.—Lard the upper side of a fore quarter of lamb with lean bacon, and thickly sprinkle the other side with bread crumbs. Cover the meat with paper so that it should not be burnt, and roast it. Take it from the fire when nearly done, and cover the unlarded part once more with bread-crumbs, season it with salt and finely-chopped parsley, then put the lamb again before a brisk fire to brown it, and serve it up with vinegar poured over it.

Chicken Fricassee.—Prepare a couple of nice plump chickens; joint them, dividing the wings, side, breast and backbones, and let them lie in clear water half an hour; remove them then to a stew-pan, with half a pound of good, sweet salt pork cut up in pieces; barely cover with water, and *simmer* on the top of the stove or range for three hours; when sufficiently tender, take out the chicken, mix two tablespoonfuls of flour smoothly with cold water, and add a little fine dried or chopped parsley, sage and thyme, or summer savory, and stir gradually into the liquor; keep stirring till it boils; season with pepper and salt to taste; and then put back the chicken and let it boil up for a few moments in the gravy; garnish with the green tops of celery.

Currant Wine.—Let the currants be fully ripe, and gather them on a fine dry day. Strip them from the stalks, put them in a large pan, bruise and mash them, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Strain off the juice, and to every gallon of it add a gallon of water, but previously wash the currants with some of the water (used warm, not hot) until no goodness remains in them. To every gallon of this liquor allow 4 lbs. of sugar, put all into an open tub or pan, and while it is yet milk-warm set it to work with yeast spread on a toast, allowing a dessert spoonful, good measure, to every gallon. Cover it with a cloth, stir it every day for three or four days, and then skim it quite clean and put it into the cask. It will continue to work for some days after it is in the cask: as it works over, fill up at the bung-hole with a little of the liquor reserved for this purpose. Some persons fill up with brandy, which stops the working sooner. When the fermentation begins to decrease, cover the bung-hole with a piece of glass, which must be wiped clean whenever the cask is filled up. Take especial care that no scum settles round the bung-hole, as that returns to the wine, and prevents its fining. Stop down close as soon as convenient, and if the bung pops out let the wine work a day longer, and stop it down again, and so on, until fermentation ceases; the bung must not be knocked down very tight without this previous trial. Most wine is best if it remain in the cask a year, when it may be tapped and bottled. Emma W.

Nice Cake for Breakfast.—Save a piece of dough from the last kneading of the bread; set it away down cellar, and let it be rolled out and baked on the griddle; when breakfast is preparing, or tea, serve hot.

Crumb Pudding.—The yolks and whites of three eggs, beaten separately, one ounce moist sugar, and sufficient bread crumbs to make it into a thick but not stiff mixture; a little powdered cinnamon. Beat all together for five minutes, and bake in a buttered tin. When baked, turn it out of the tin, pour two glasses of boiling wine over it, and serve. Cherries, either fresh or preserved, are very nice mixed in the pudding.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 41 letters.

My 60, 23, 3, 21, 43, 15, 54, 33, 53, 5, 17, 61, is the title of a story published in the Post.

My 4, 29, 53, 33, 7, 49, 48, 10, 30, 21, is a column in the Post.

My 37, 21, 54, 23, 6, 39, 19, 32, 49, makes problems for the Post.

My 18, 13, 16, 52, 9, is a character in the T. O. D., story in the Post.

My 23, 46, 58, 24, 31, 13, 25, can be found in the Post

My 1, 26, 50, 47, 42, 49, 51, 20, 8, 45, 52, is a column in the Post.

My 44, 2, 35, 40, is one of the United States.

My 11, 41, 15, 60, 7, 27, 59, 28, 39, 48, is a city in the United States.

My 22, 55, 14, 58, 2, 20, 38, 40, 57, lies east of Michigan.

My 12, 7, 36, 34, 58, 38, is a bird.

My 56, 16, is the last end of a potato.

My whole is an ancient riddle.

Riverside, O. SYDNEY SEYMOUR.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1 is a precious stone.
My 2 is a play.
My 3 is to caution.
My 4 is an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.
My 5 means not polite.
My 6 is a toy for girls.
My 7 was a battle fought during the "Revolution."
My 8 is a town in Italy.
My 9 means to flow backward.
My 10 is a kind of puzzle.
My 11 is what we all do.
My 12 is a town in France.
My 13 is to destroy.
My whole is the names of two deceased statesmen. J. P. CRESKEBRO.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a rectangular field the length of which exceeds its breadth by 10 rods. The price of the land at 50 cents per square rod, was 100 dollars more than the price of fencing it at 2 dollars per rod. What is the dimensions of the field. W. F. L. SANDERS.

Tobinsport, Ind.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In order to form a lottery scheme, I have put into the wheel as many cards as I can put 4 letters of the word "blacksmith" on, without having the same letters in the same order upon any 2 cards. $100 will be given to him who draws the card having upon it the first four letters of said word in their natural order (blan.) What is the chance of drawing a prize worth?

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What size must an auger be to bore a hole in a ball of lead 8 inches in diameter, so that the auger will take away one-half of its weight, and no more? LEWIS LEBUS.

Oddville, Ky.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Ans.—Because neither of them is satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.

☞ Why is English Parliamentary Reform like a Gandle? Ans.—Because it is a Bright eyed-deer.

☞ Why is brandy-and-milk like an extract of spring-flowers? Ans.—Because it's O. D. V. au lait (eau de violet)

☞ Why is a man who marries twice like a ship? Ans.—Because he has a second mate.

Answers to Last.

ACROSTICAL GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Alida Cornwright, Palmville, Green county, N. Y. ENIGMA—"The Destruction of Sennacherib."

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of March 23rd—7½ acres. W. H. Morrow; Lewis Lebus; W. F. L. Sanders; W. H. Sands; John A. Topp; J. M. Greenwood; Esther Doerfler; W. J. Barrett. 7, 5, acres—Abbie Ingalsbe.

Answer to H. Kobel's PROBLEM of same date—When paid immediate cash down before the term commences, 2 years (nearly.) But when not paid until after the term, only six years, 2 months, and 24 days (nearly;) consequently 2 years, 9 months, 6 days less than when paid before the term. Daniel Diefenbach. If he pays $2,132.34 cash down, he can stay 7 years, 37½ days. If he pays the same amount at the end of such term, when the sum of the rent and compound interest amount to $2 132.34, then he can stay 6 years, 37½ days. W. J. Barrett.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of March 23rd—the probability the three lines will form an acute triangle is ½. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, of March 30th—A had travelled 300, and B 250 miles.—W. H. Morrow; J. M. Greenwood; W. F. L. Sanders; C. T. Lindsey; J. B. Sanders; J. S. Phebus; and W. H. Sands. A 220 5-19 miles, B 170 5-19 miles.—W. J. Barrett. A 27525 miles—B 27475 miles.—C. E. Willmott.

☞ The man that forgets a good deal that has happened has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

☞ If a man uses a corkscrew too often at a sitting, his movements are likely to become as crooked as the instrument.